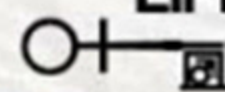


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Editor's note

05/2007

You've got the automobile and the Internet, of course, but for my money the single most

powerful invention of the past few hundred years is the camera. From the long-lens zoom that captures Jessica Biel in mid-workout to the tiny lens somebody decided we all needed embedded in our cellphones, it seems there's always someone watching, no matter how unflattering the pose. And though the camera is an incredible instrument of art (see page 109, for example), it also has become the tool of tools. The digital camera allows us to humiliate ourselves in a far broader public realm than we ever imagined possible, granting us the power to immortalize all the stupid, drunken, possibly illegal things we do and will forever regret having recorded.

Just ask the military personnel at Tier 1A of Abu Ghraib, whose JPEGs and video files amounted to one of the worst cases of prisoner abuse ever captured on film. Journalist Tara McKelvey examined those images and video clips (and did thousands of hours of first-rate reporting) to expose the prison's sexually charged,

overmedicated environment in her new book, *Monsterring: Inside America's Policy of Secret Interrogations and Torture in the Terror War*, excerpted on page 116.

Luckily, there are those who'd rather immortalize themselves making love, not war. On page 96, we have the skinny (and the fat) on every celebrity sex tape dating back to 1982, when *NFL Today* beauty queen Jayne Kennedy and her husband ushered in the age of the sex tape with a marital romp that's still shockingly real 25 years later.

Of course, sometimes you want to document nothing more sordid than a night out with friends, and on page 44 we tell you how to capture the life of the party. Oh, and there are other photos, too—of Lenka, Andie, Georgia, and of course, Krista, our 2007 Pet of the Year Runner-Up. We hope you'll like those, too.

Enjoy.—Mark Healy



PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP



CHUCK PALAHNIUK



LENKA



GEORGIA



FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF OVERSIGHTS

In the March issue, we had the good taste to run a racy pictorial called "Gal Pal," but lacked the good manners to introduce you to the unforgettable girls in the pictures. They are 2005 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Sophia Santi (on top, above) and Shay Jordan. See them both at DigitalPlayground.com.

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Studstitute



My husband Steve and I were out celebrating his promotion, but by the time we were ready to go home and engage in what I hoped would be a little congratulatory sex, Steve was ahead of me by more than a few drinks and feeling no pain. Getting him home was not going to be easy.

We had been playing pool with a really good-looking guy named Drew, who was what my girlfriends and I like to call "serious eye candy." I'd caught him checking me out several times during the evening, and had fun flirting with him. When he saw me trying to maneuver Steve toward the door, he came to my rescue. The two of us got Steve into the back of the car, where he promptly passed out.

I was about to thank Drew for his help when he said, "Just to be safe, maybe I should follow you in my car. You're going to need help with him when you get home."

I had to agree with Drew—I couldn't handle Steve alone. So I thanked him for his offer and told him we lived about 20 minutes away.

When we arrived at the house, we pulled Steve out of the car, got

him inside, and poured him onto the couch. I took one look at Steve and had to accept that there would be no celebratory sex with him tonight.

I offered Drew a cup of coffee and he followed me into the kitchen. I started the coffee and when I turned around, Drew was standing right in front of me. He reached out and caressed my neck before placing a soft kiss on my lips. That was all it took. Instantly, I was kissing him back while he unbuttoned my blouse and unhooked my bra. I held my breath as his fingers rubbed my already sensitive nipples.

I knew there was no turning back. Drew was here, and I needed to have him. And besides, I rationalized, this could be my way of thanking Drew for helping me out of a tough situation. I placed my hand behind his head and pulled him toward my breasts. As soon as his tongue circled my nipple I

felt hot all over. I unbuttoned his shirt and unzipped his pants, pushing them down along with his shorts. His cock was hard and ready. I held it with both hands and began jerking him slowly, causing him to moan deeply against my neck.

"Are you okay with this?" he asked.

"More than okay, Drew," I said.

"Don't stop. I really need this."

I trembled as he gently lowered me to the floor. We kissed feverishly as I pulled my skirt up and wriggled out of my stockings and thong. He held me and slowly inched his way inside, making us both moan with pleasure. I don't know if it was the fact that my husband was asleep in the next room or that I was about to screw a stranger, but I was more turned on than I'd ever been with my husband. I'd never cheated on Steve before, but at that moment, I wanted to fuck Drew's brains out—so I flicked my hot tongue against his ear and whispered, "Fuck me, Drew."

It was as if I'd lit a fire under him. We were both frantic and out of

**We were both
frantic and
out of control
... pushing
each other
toward the
ultimate
satisfaction.**

control as we met thrust for thrust, pushing each other toward the ultimate satisfaction. I buried my face against his shirt as each stroke threatened to make me cry out in ecstasy. All too soon he was thrusting hard and deep, pumping his hot cream into me as I

quivered and shuddered with my own mind-blowing orgasm.

Afterward, the only sound was that of my husband snoring in the next room. Finally, we got dressed and shared one final kiss before I walked him out to his car. Drew gave me his number, reminding me that I still owed him a cup of coffee. I told him I would call him soon—for coffee and another quickie.—*B.L., Colorado*

More letters on page 145

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to forum.submission@pmi.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.



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The Viral Zone

In 2003's *28 Days Later*, a fictitious rage virus was unleashed into Great Britain. In the follow-up, *28 Weeks Later*, Oscar-winning director Juan Carlos Fresnadillo lets loose his own horror show.



At the end of *28 Days Later*, it was revealed that Britain had been written off and anyone who didn't make it out when the rage virus broke out had been left for dead. Once it is assumed that the infected are nothing more than rotting corpses, after—no surprise here—28 weeks, American troops set up shop in London so the small number of survivors and returning citizens can begin the repopulation process. One particular reunion of a father and his children is likely to tug

at your heartstrings, even before he breaks the news that their mother died six months earlier.

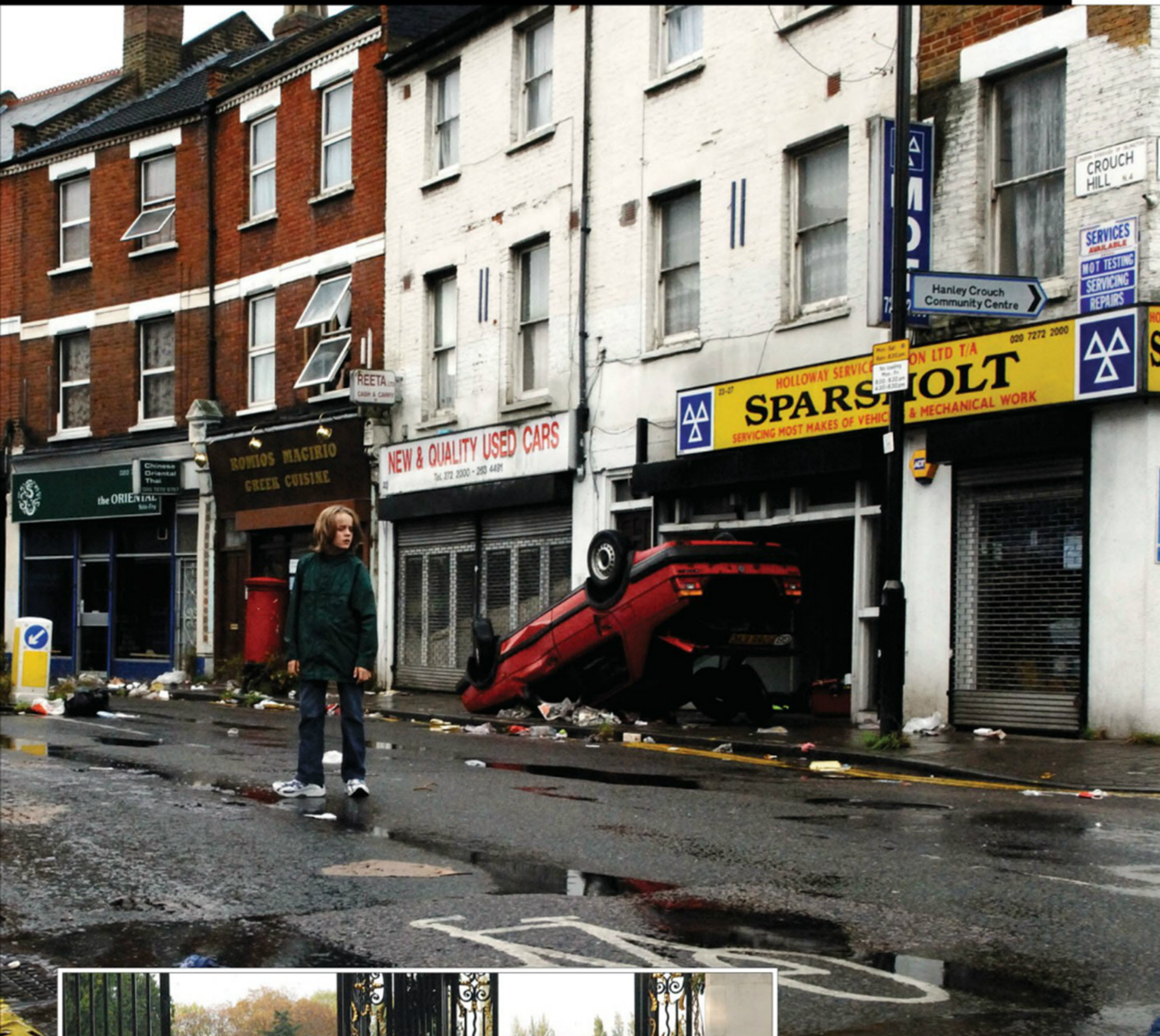
Then the kids sneak out to their old house and find their mother catatonic

THE SOLDIERS
DECIDE IF THEY
SHOULD PUT THE
MOTHER DOWN.

but inexplicably still alive, and the movie kicks into gear. Mom's genetic anomaly makes her only a carrier. Still, the soldiers and medical personnel have to decide whether or not to put her down. And of course the virus reemerges anyway.

Just as *28 Days* was equal parts social commentary and zombie movie, we expect *28 Weeks* to delve into the societal implications of a pandemic. But, as you can see, there's still plenty of blood and guts. And we wouldn't want it any other way. **OT**

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The kids are definitely not all right: (above) 12-year-old Andy explores London's empty streets; Scarlet (far left, top) blows away her infected

colleague; the infected run amok (left), spreading their rage (far left) and scaring the crap out of everyone.



PREVIEWS



Fresh Break

Summer movie season is officially here. It's time for escapist fun and popcorn extravaganzas.



Fracture

The plot is hardly uncharted territory. An outbound assistant district attorney (Ryan Gosling) tries his final case, the attempted-murder trial of a brainy, rich engineer (Anthony Hopkins) who all too readily cops to plugging his cheating spouse in the head before getting off on technicalities. The principled ADA investigates, and a classic cat-and-mouse game ensues. We've all seen

this played out before, but if anyone can make us expect a fresh take on such a stale idea, it's director Gregory Hoblit, who steered Edward Norton to an Academy Award nomination in *Primal Fear*, the last great courtroom thriller we can remember.

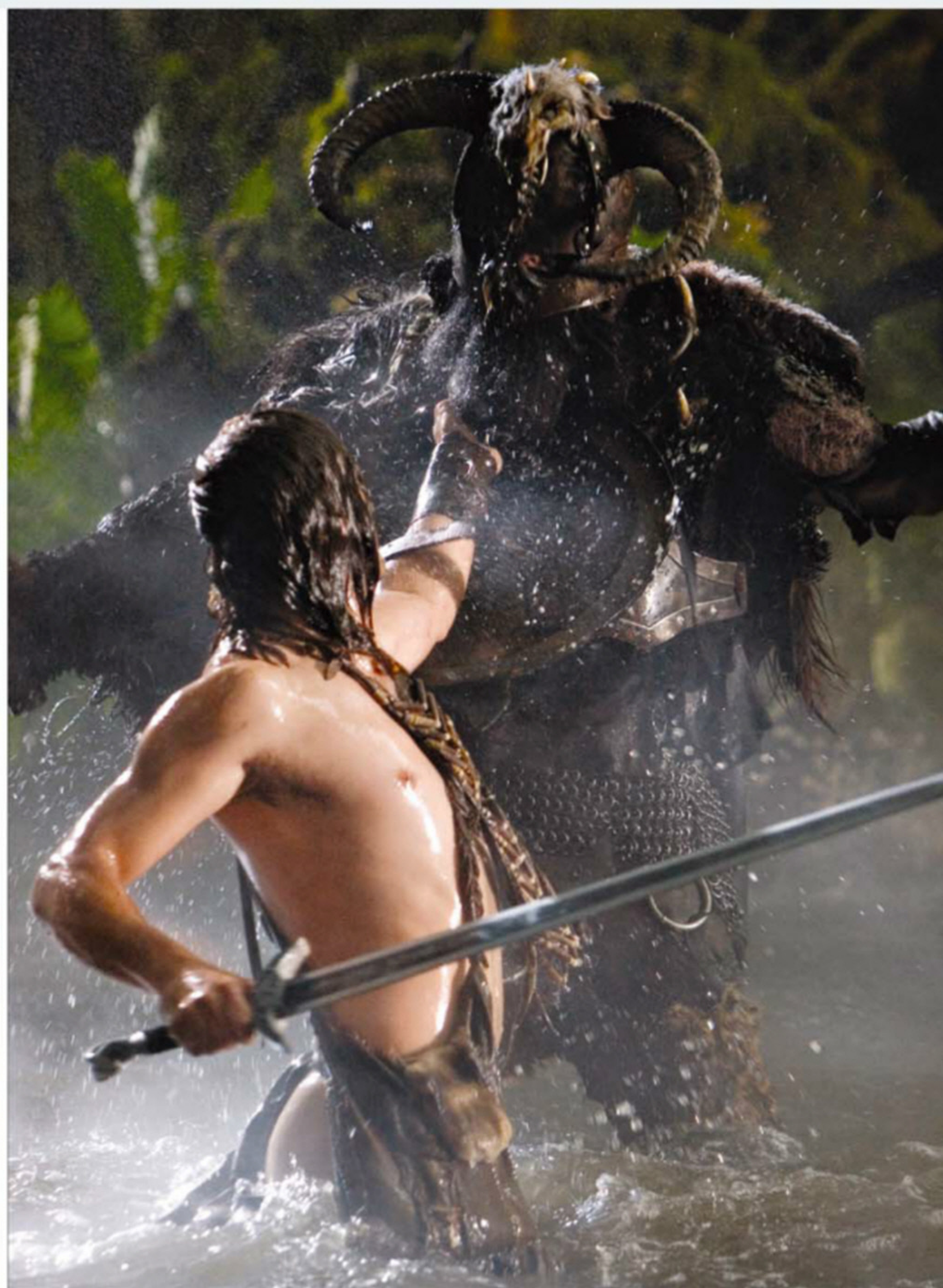
Given the high quality of the actors here, we're expecting *Fracture* to hit the same heights. Although we're all tired of the media mooning over recent Oscar nominee Gosling (above and left, with the lovely Rosamund Pike), he was outstanding in *Half Nelson* and *The Believer*. Hannibal Hopkins pretty much owns the brilliant sociopath persona, so he could easily dominate this film as, well, a brilliant sociopath. Gosling's boss is played by David Strathairn, a 2005 Best Actor nominee for *Good Night, and Good Luck*, who delivers solid, understated performances time and again. Here's hoping *Fracture* is good enough to make them all contenders next year as well. —Jordan Reed

GOSLING IS JERRY TO HOPKINS' TOM IN A CAT-AND-MOUSE GAME.

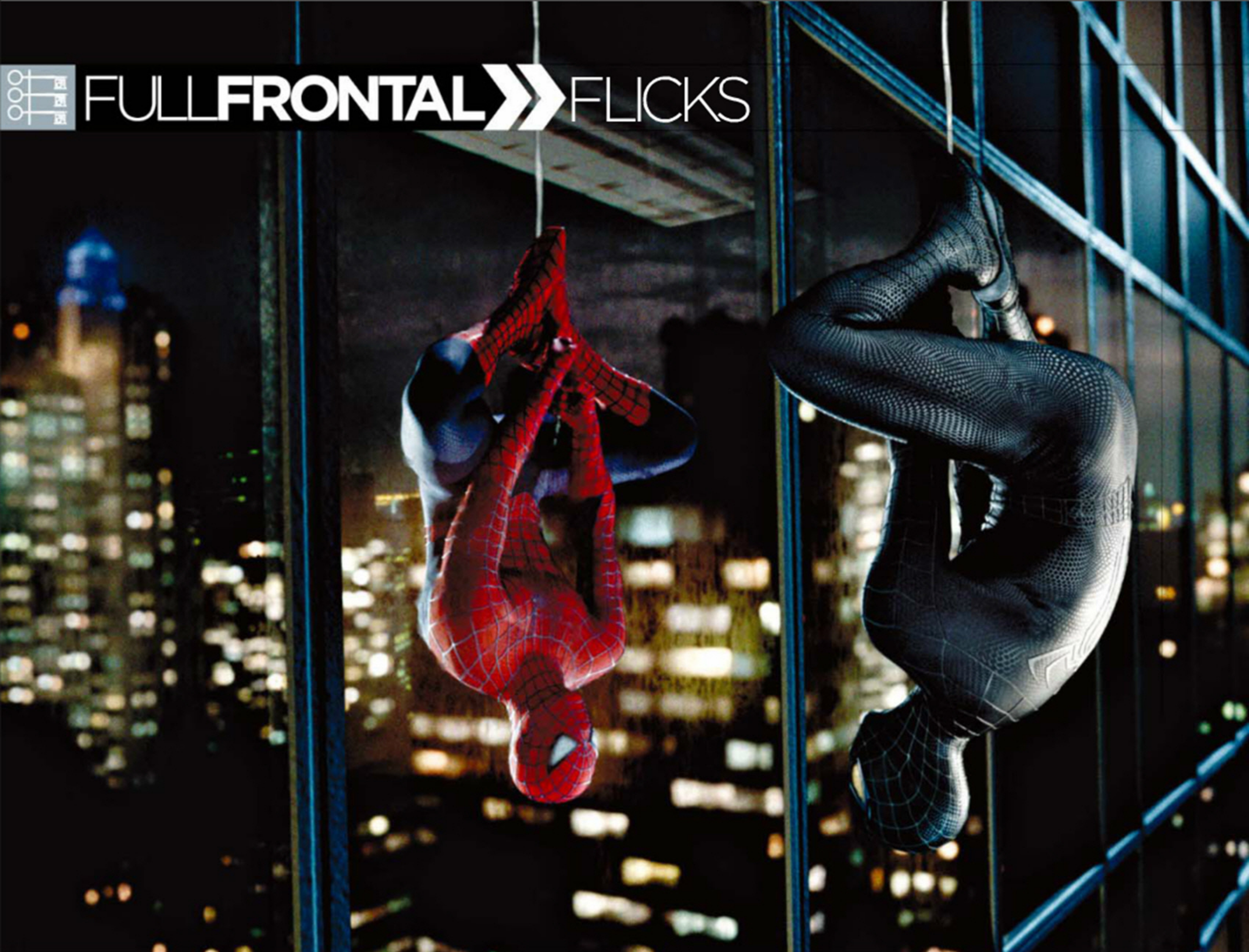
Pathfinder »

This movie was set to be released in July 2006, then September, then January. That type of delay usually means a film isn't good, and yes, director Marcus Nispel did a far better job on the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* remake. But *Pathfinder*'s bigger problem is that it follows the spectacle that was *300*, which at a glance had a similar look and tone, and a shitload more hype surrounding it. And while *Pathfinder* is gorgeous and has some killer action, it's all style over substance. We love the look of the animal horns on the Viking helmets, for instance, but even we know they're completely unrealistic. The filmmakers and costume designers must have known. As for the story, it follows a Viking (Karl Urban) in pre-Columbus North America who protects the Native Americans who raised him from invading Vikings. That's as subtle and as deep as the plot ever gets. Of course, movies like this are like porn—it's all about the action—so who gives a shit if the story is flaccid and useless? If you're a fan of Viking flicks, this should tide you over till Robert Zemeckis delivers the real thing later this year with the star-studded *Beowulf*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PATHFINDER) DOUG CURRAN



**PATHFINDER
HAS KILLER
ACTION,
BUT IT'S ALL
STYLE OVER
SUBSTANCE.**



Spider-Man 3 >>

Watching Sam Raimi's new *Spider-Man* installment gives me a complete sense of satisfaction. This must be what Karl Rove feels like after he steals an election. Raimi has raised the bar with each film. For this one, he upped the villain count by including Sandman (Thomas Haden Church), the New Goblin (James Franco), and Venom (Topher Grace). Plus, Spidey must battle his own personal demons, and Peter Parker's life is complicated by a love triangle with girlfriend Mary Jane Watson (Kirsten Dunst) and new arrival Gwen Stacy (Bryce Dallas Howard). As if that's not enough, he's got some new competition in the photography game (Grace).

This film contains every bit of the intimate drama Raimi has created before for the web-slinger, but it's still a full-scale Hollywood spectacle,



CHURCH, WITH THAT STRIPED SHIRT AND THOSE BULGING BICEPS, LOOKS GREAT AS SANDMAN.



with more effects, more battles, more action, than either of its predecessors. If the other big films of the summer entertain half as much as this, we might never see the sun.

One final note: As a comic-book and film lover, I dreaded the idea of someone trying to bring Sandman to life, yet Church (*Sideways*), with that funny striped shirt and those bulging biceps, looks great, as if he's been plucked straight from the two-dimensional pages on which the character was birthed.

The Condemned

When WWE Films approached B-movie filmmaker Scott Wiper (*A Better Way to Die*) about creating a star vehicle for "Stone Cold" Steve Austin, they had a germ of an idea: killers trapped on an island in a game of last-man-standing survives. Wiper wanted to make what he calls "an authentic and unapologetic" R-rated action movie with an element of social commentary. His inspiration came from, of all places, reality TV. "I saw something where they were making some 19-year-old girl eat cockroaches," Wiper recalls. "I thought, *How far could this go?*"

We're thinking, *Damn! Why didn't we think of this?*

Wiper's flick puts a twist on the hunting-humans idea by adding a reality-TV subplot. Ten condemned killers are purchased from corrupt prisons all over the world by a sinister TV producer (Robert Mammone), who then drops them on a desolate island with no means of escape so they can fight to the death—streamed live on the Internet—with the sole surviving psychopath going free.

Ultimately, the movie feels false

when it delves into social commentary (the "oh, the humanity" speechifying feels shoehorned in), but most of the action scenes are entertaining, especially an early sequence in which the killers are dropped onto the island from a helicopter.

As a star vehicle for Stone Cold (bottom), the movie achieves mixed results. While he's appealing, he's no Eastwood or Bronson (Wiper's models for the character), and he's upstaged by Guy Ritchie veteran Vinnie Jones (below) as a sadist with a taste for torture. Jones's gleeful malevolence as he carves up victims perfectly captures *The Condemned's* guilty-pleasure tone.—*Daniel Nemet-Nejat*

"STONE COLD" STEVE AUSTIN IS UPSTAGED BY VINNIE JONES' GLEEFUL MALEVOLENCE.



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Children of Men

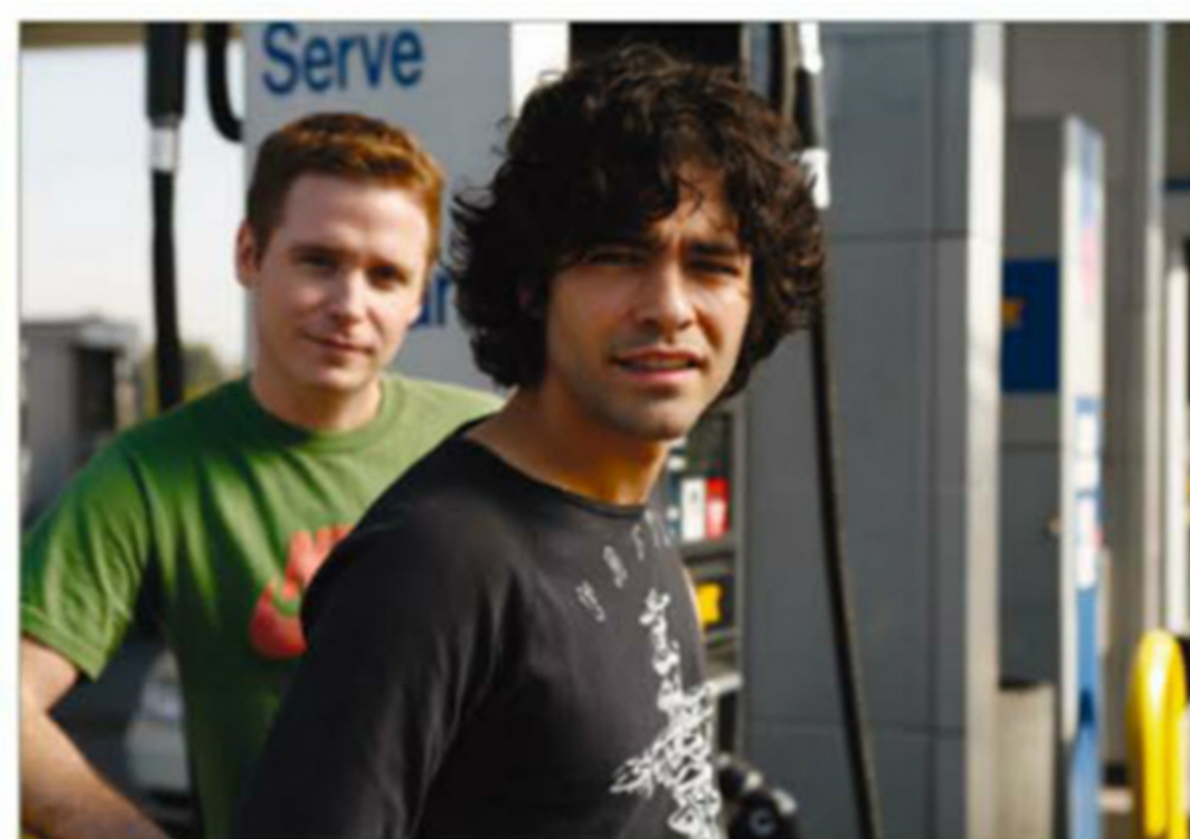
This thriller presents the kind of scary glimpse at our future that *Blade Runner* and *Terminator* depicted so frighteningly well. The doomsday scenario in 2027 is that mankind is an endangered species, with no ability to reproduce. Clive Owen is enlisted to deliver a pregnant woman (the first in 18 years) to a scientists' sanctuary. Of course, an easy trip would make for a boring movie, and so they hit more than their share of bumps in the road. Director Alfonso Cuarón and his cowriters nabbed Oscar nominations for the screenplay, adapted from the book by P. D. James.

Smokin' Aces

In 2002 director/screenwriter Joe Carnahan delivered the brilliant *Narc*. This black comedy in which a capo takes out a million-dollar contract on a strung-out magician (Jeremy Piven) is harder to follow but a hell of a lot more fun, with an indescribable cast of characters—from a trio of neo-Nazi sociopathic brothers to lesbian hit women (including Alicia Keys). Ryan Reynolds hits a career high, and all the actors are clearly having a great time. So will you.

Entourage Season 3, Part 1

This time Emmy winner Jeremy Piven gives the runaround to Vincent Chase (Adrian Grenier) and company, after fucking up Vince's chance to play Joey Ramone. Piven's foulmouthed agent has always been the show's No. 1 attraction—No. 2 is a dead heat between the frequent celeb cameos in which stars skewer their own image and the antics of Turtle (Jerry Ferrara) and Drama (Kevin Dillon)—but as much as we love Ari, this season's subplot about his new agency was too much "plot" and not enough "sub." The show is still one of the best reasons to pony up for HBO, though.



Picture postcards: (far left) Clive Owen escorts Claire-Hope Ashitey to safety; (left) Ryan Reynolds and his fellow feds take fire in *Smokin' Aces*; (above) *Entourage*'s Adrian Grenier and Kevin Connolly; (right) Forest Whitaker's sitting pretty; (far right) Jennifer Connelly plays *Little Children*'s emasculating, cheated-on wife; (below) Garry Shandling and Jeffrey Tambor talk it up.



The Last King of Scotland

Forest Whitaker has taken an occasional break from acting—and collecting awards—to direct, but for reasons we can't imagine, he's chosen to helm chick flicks. Thankfully, when he stays in front of the camera he's mesmerizing—especially here, where he embodies the psychopathic Ugandan dictator Idi Amin so completely, you literally can't take your eyes off him. Our favorite *Last King* trivia tidbit: Whitaker is the second cast member from *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* to take home the Best Actor Oscar. (The other is Spicoli himself, Sean Penn, of course.)

Little Children

Kate Winslet and Patrick Wilson as straying spouses, and former child star Jackie Earle Haley as a sex offender, all give remarkable performances. Unfortunately, the bonus features are bare-bones. The movie is worth watching anyway, but it's still disappointing from a film that has so much to say.

AS A FED, RYAN REYNOLDS HITS A CAREER HIGH.

The Larry Sanders Show

If you don't know Larry, get to know him. Here's how: *Not Just the Best of The Larry Sanders Show* includes 23 episodes of HBO's Emmy-winning sitcom about a talk-show host (Garry Shandling) and his quirky—to put it mildly—staff. Guest stars from the episodes here, which were hand-picked by Shandling, are a mixed bag of A-listers—from Alec Baldwin to Sharon Stone to Vince Vaughn. Many guest stars are featured in unrehearsed visits, the regulars have new interviews, and Jeffrey Tambor and Rip Torn drop in on Shandling for a hilarious talk about the show.

POP QUIZ

Can Avril Hang?

She's hot. She's talented. She can even skate. But is she actually cool? (Hint: She's never seen a Bond movie.)

When Avril Lavigne burst onto the scene posing as the anti-Britney, we weren't completely sold. Her tomboy uniform of wifebeaters and school-boy ties seemed contrived, and it didn't help that she'd never heard of the Sex Pistols. But Lavigne seems to be slowly redeeming herself. She married rocker Deryck Whibley of Sum 41 and even spit on a paparazzo. So all of this got us wondering: Is Avril someone we could actually chill with? We dispatched Senior Editor Rebecca Swanner to find out by administering our first ever Pop Quiz. But before we do, Lavigne wants to talk about her new album, *The Best Damn Thing*.

In the song "The Best Damn Thing," you sing about expecting guys to hold the door open and pay for dinner. You don't really care if a guy doesn't hold the door for you, right?

A guy *has* to open the door. I'll stand there and go, "Open the door." A girl should never pay for anything if you're on a date. Of course, Deryck opens the door for me.

Your husband produced two songs on this record. How was it working with him?

It was easy. Sum 41 had one room and I had another room at the same studio. I did vocals here at the house, in the closet.

In the closet? Explain.

We made it into a vocal booth.

In your last men's magazine spread, you wore a corset that read DO YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO GIVE IT UP TO YOU? Would you ever consider doing a more revealing photo shoot?

I'm definitely open to wearing shorts and stuff, as long as it's still my style—fishnets and a vintage T-shirt—rock glam. As long as it's done in a cool way, I would think it's kind of cool.

Okay, you've just provided a segue for us to administer our first ever Pop Quiz. Let's begin. Who is your favorite Bond?

[Laughs] I've never watched any of those.

That's 00 points on that one. What's the best thing to do when you're in Vegas?

I like to get wasted with my friends and gamble. I like blackjack.

That's cool. So when do you double down?

I don't know. I've been too drunk.

Too drunk to double down? Minus ten. What's your poison?

I like dirty martinis with Grey Goose.

Ten points for not saying Shiraz. Do you like them shaken or stirred?

[Laughs] I don't know. I just like a lot of olive juice and olives.

I'm always like, "Can I have five olives?" Olives soak up the alcohol, then I eat them.

Not cool, but oddly endearing. Who killed Fredo in *The Godfather*?

I don't know.

We would have accepted "Michael." What bands are you listening to?

The same stuff I've listened to for a while. Alanis Morissette, the Distillers, and Hole. I like Blink 182, Radiohead.

Did you also remember to set your VCR to record *7th Heaven*?

Come on, Avril. You've got a lot of catching up to do, so we'll toss you an easy one. What's your favorite horror or sci-fi film?

I hate sci-fi.

Okay, what about horror?

Um ... horror ... I don't know. I don't like it that much. I don't have a favorite.

Saw? Hostel? The Descent? Hasn't Deryck made you watch anything? How about books? What book should everyone read? *Fast Food Nation*!

Did you find it hard to read the slaughterhouse chapter?

It's kinda heavy. The movie is really good because that's all they focus on. I have this DVD called *Meet Your Meat*. It's by PETA and it's really good. I show it to my friends when they come over and everyone stops eating meat.

Wow, you sure know how to party. (Minus 20 points.) You've seen *Fight Club*, right?

[Laughs] No!

Ridiculous. Can someone hook this girl up with some Netflix?

You need to see *Fight Club*. What's your favorite cheap thrill?

I'm not a big fan of roller coasters. I'm not a fan of rides, really. I like four-wheeling and dirt biking. I have a mini chopper motorcycle. I grew up on four-wheelers in Canada. When I go back home, I always go four-wheeling. My brother has a Jeep and we'd take that out in the bush and go mudding and stuff.

Mudding? Huge props 'cause you're not afraid to get dirty. Add 50 points. You're out of the hole now. Do you listen more to punk or metal?

More punk. Not metal.

Do you have a favorite band from the old-school punk days?

The Ramones. I don't have a favorite song, I just enjoy their music.

Did you ever go to CBGB?

No ... but I have the book. Deryck's picture is in the book. I'm like, "Damn you!" I want to play there.

Sorry, Avril. That ship has sailed. CBGB shut down in October, so you're back to zero. Here's another chance. What's the sexiest phrase you know in French?

I know something that's not sexy.

What is it?

Peux-j'aller à la toilette?

And that means ...?

May I please go to the bathroom?

You're right. That's not very sexy. And with that, we've made the scientific determination that you may be cute, but you are not very cool. *C'est la vie*.

By Rebecca Swanner

"I LIKE TO GET
WASTED WITH
MY FRIENDS
AND GAMBLE.
I LIKE BLACKJACK."



Sons of a Preacher Man

As Kings of Leon release *Because of the Times*, Caleb Followill talks about booze, manorexia, and thieving groupies.



The three Followill brothers and their cuz (left to right): Nathan, Caleb, cousin Matthew, and Jared

This band includes three sons of a minister and their cousin, but the Partridge Family they're not. Here, brother Caleb explains why it's good to be a King.

You've said you know the band's doing all right as long as pretty girls come to the shows. So, how are the Kings of Leon doing?

Not so good yet. But we start the tour tomorrow and I think things will change then. The girls will be coming out to check out our pretty faces.

How do you find the hot chicks?

We have someone who finds pretty women and invites them back after the show. Sometimes we come out and see them, sometimes we don't.

You hang with supermodels like Kate Moss. Why, then, have sex with mere mortals?

We've been with a lot of supermodels and you can have them.

Why? What's it like to do a supermodel?

Not as good as you'd think. I'm sick of supermodels. They want all the attention. They do coke and that's not so appealing. I don't want a girl with white powder coming out of her nose and a dry mouth.

Is there a downside to sleeping with lots of girls you don't know?

They've been stealing my clothes. I'll get drunk and fall asleep, and when I wake up everything is gone. That's happened a lot.

What was the most valuable thing a girl stole from you?

A \$1,200 jacket that I thought looked so cool.

"I'M SICK OF SUPERMODELS. THEY WANT ALL THE ATTENTION."

If you gained weight, maybe girls wouldn't loot your closet. I haven't seen too many girls with a waistline as small as yours.

It used to be smaller. We're all on the really thin side. But we're eating much better and we're healthier. I used to have to deal with anorexia. It was just something I was going through. I didn't eat, but I'm all right now. I like to have a good time. I like to drink.

Most musicians do. Recently you've opened for U2 and Pearl Jam. How was that?

When we opened for U2, I realized that the guitar line from our song "The Bucket" is from their "Bullet the Blue Sky." I told our guitarist [Matthew] that the reason they asked us to come on tour with them was to kick our ass for stealing from them.

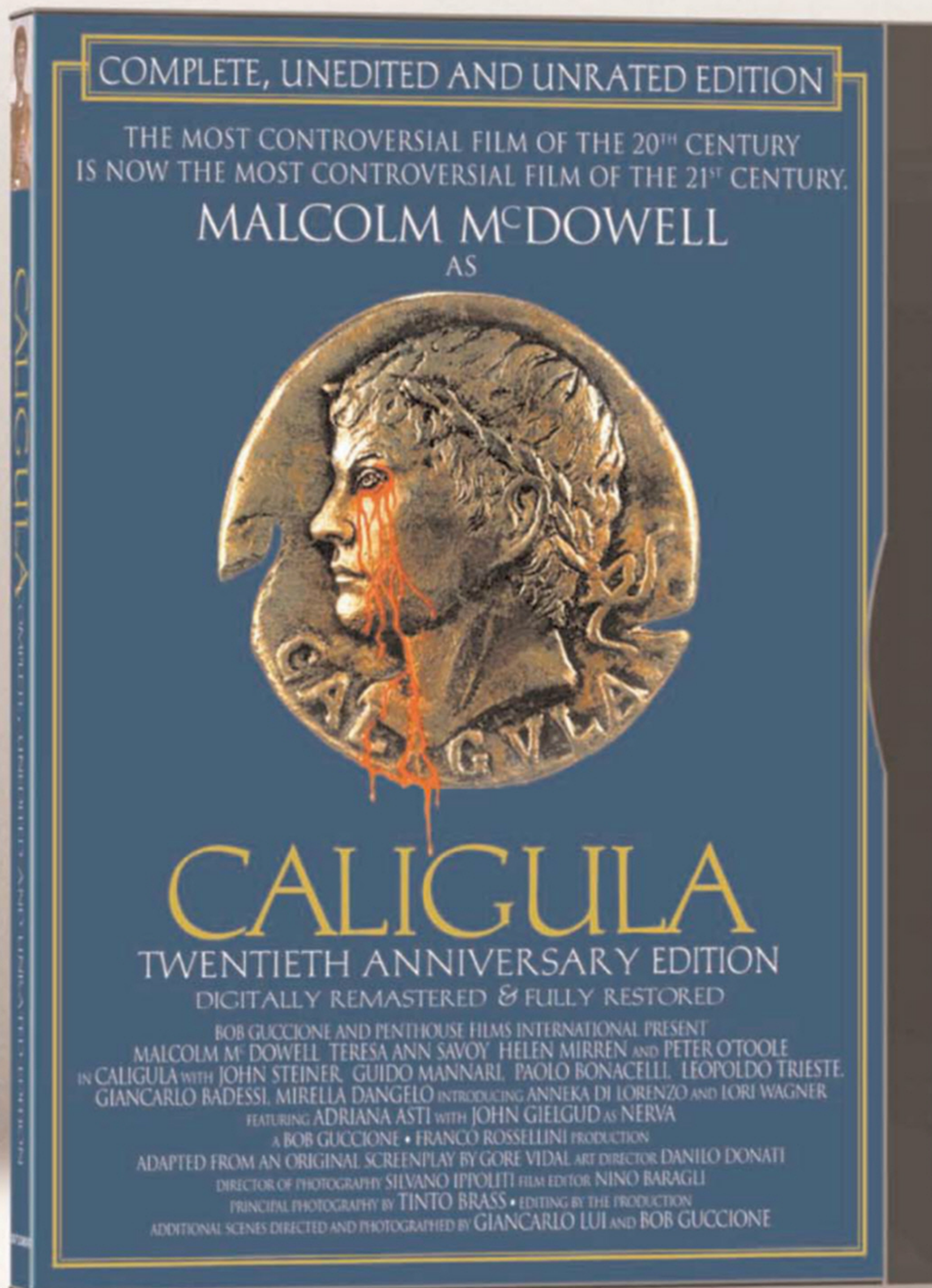
Did they?

No. They're too short to do that. They didn't say a thing about it.—Ed Condran



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REVIEWS



NINE INCH NAILS

Year Zero (Interscope)

★★★★

When Nine Inch Nails released *With Teeth* in 2005, we may have been the only ones who didn't jump on the bandwagon. We had heard the seeds of his new formula on *The Fragile*, and it seemed to be, well, boring. Now we can officially announce that Trent Reznor is back. His syncopated beats, heavy use of synthesizers, and ability to bring you *this close* to the breaking point all return on this album. *Year Zero* is the meeting point of *Pretty Hate Machine*, *Broken*, and *The Downward Spiral*. It's loud. It's noisy. It's an industrial dance-rock record

that screams classic Nine Inch Nails. But while the angry lyrics he penned during his twenties and early thirties were the driving force on previous records, Reznor now seems focused on creating distorted soundscapes and letting his thoughts on big issues—namely God—go along for the ride.

WE CAN
OFFICIALLY
ANNOUNCE
THAT TRENT
REZNOR IS
BACK.



CHEVELLE

Vena Sera (Epic)

★★★

It's no surprise that this hard-rock Midwestern band has always been compared to Tool. That's because Pete Loeffler, Chevelle's frontman, sounds eerily similar to Tool's Maynard James Keenan. But where Tool writes dark, complicated songs, Chevelle stands by their swelling choruses and pop-rock sensibilities, which will keep them rotating on modern-rock radio—but not in the playlists of skeptical headbangers.



ELLIOTT SMITH

New Moon

(Kill Rock Stars)

★★★

This double album of songs recorded between 1994 and 1997 is a compilation of rarities and alternate versions of the late singer-songwriter's best-known works, including "Miss Misery." These 24 depressing and beautiful songs provide us with one more glimpse into the pre-DreamWorks years of this often-misunderstood musician, whose mysterious death at the age of 34 still haunts indie-rock fans everywhere.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) TAMAR LEVINE, TESSA ANGUS



UNDER THE RADAR



Brooklyn foursome Pela has been moving up the ranks in New York's underground indie scene since their first EP, *All in Time*, dropped

in 2005. In their early days, when there were more people onstage than paying members of the audience, they made it a point to play in nothing but their skivvies. But don't worry—since they packed 'em in at a recent show at a New York City rock club, we don't think they'll be doing that again any time soon. On *Anytown Graffiti*, they wear their influences on their sleeve—from the Get Up Kids to the Pixies.



BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB *Baby 81* (RCA)

★★★★★

It's rare to find an album that doesn't have filler. But BRMC's latest rumbles along from beginning to end with a sultry swagger. The best songs, like "Berlin," have so much attitude that they wouldn't seem out of place in an actual biker bar. When they combine that machismo with their brand of countryfied rock, it's a hell of a lot of fun.



GRINDERMAN *Grinderman* (Anti-)

★★★★★

If you're ever feeling down and out about not getting laid, just listen to Grinderman's "No Pussy Blues," one of the dirty, gritty tracks from Nick Cave's newest band. Unlike the melancholy, romantic stories Cave painted with the Bad Seeds, these gritty songs (written with members he plucked from the Seeds) teeter on the edge of a dark cliff, threatening to pull you over the edge into their unsettling world.



DETROIT COBRAS *Tied and True* (Bloodshot)

★★★

We were smitten with Rachel Nagy from the moment she opened her mouth. The frontwoman for this Motor City retro-garage-rock outfit gives rockabilly a modern twist by adding Nagy's seductive lyrics to the band's classic fifties rhythms and riffs. They've slowed the beat down this time around, but if you're looking to seduce that hot girl with the pompadour and nautical-star tattoo, this might help you get lucky.



ARCTIC MONKEYS *Favourite Worst Nightmare* (Domino)

★★★★★

The Arctic Monkeys head into this album with guitars blazing and, for the most part, sustain that punk rock-inspired energy until the end. The record is peppered with deliciously cheeky tracks like "Fluorescent Adolescent." But those who enjoyed their quieter debut will find solace in the soft middle, which gives the listener a moment to breathe.



POUR YOUR HEART OUT

EVERYBODY HURTS: AN ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO EMO CULTURE

(Harper Paperbacks)
By Trevor Kelly and Leslie Simon

It seems the emo kids are finally ready to laugh at themselves. Good thing, because we've been laughing at them for years. This illustrated throwback to *The Hipster Handbook* answers all your pressing questions about what emo school you belong to (apparently, we're a cross between ex-hardcore emo and goth emo), emo fashion do's and don'ts, and, most important, how to score with an emo chick. (Step one: Don't lurk on her MySpace page.)

THE EMO KIDS ARE FINALLY READY TO LAUGH AT THEMSELVES.

EXPERT OPINION

Smoke 'em if you got 'em. Ribs, that is.

In the nineties, Vinnie Paul's punishing percussion helped Pantera kick ass. These days, the brother of the late "Dimebag" Darrell Abbott is working with Hellyeah, a metal supergroup featuring members of Mudvayne and Nothingface. You may never get to party with Paul, but you can tell your friends you did—and that he gave you his secret family rib recipe.

Are you a gas or charcoal man?

I use a gas grill because it's more manageable. I do a lot of cooking late at night. It's a lot easier to walk out and just hit poof instead of piling up charcoal and getting it going and then waiting 30 minutes.

Do you cook more than just ribs?

I do all kinds of stuff. We do a lot of late-night partying at the Clubhouse [Paul's strip club] and there are not too many places open at four in the morning. So people are pretty excited about coming back to the Clubhouse because I've always got fajitas marinating or meatballs or something ready to go.

How could we screw these ribs up?

A lot of people put the barbecue sauce on the ribs right out of the sheet. Basically all you're doing is creating this hard layer of candy because it's caramelizing for a long



INGREDIENTS:

- Enough baby back ribs to fit in a casserole dish
- Enough apple juice to fill the dish one half-inch
- Four cloves of garlic, chopped
- Two diced jalapeños
- One cup of Southern Comfort
- Tone's garlic salt
- Tone's Italian seasoning
- Your favorite barbecue sauce

DIRECTIONS:

"Preheat the oven to 300°. Put the apple juice, garlic, and jalapeños in the casserole dish. Rub the ribs with garlic salt and Italian seasoning, then place them in the pan. Pour on the secret ingredient: about a cup of Southern Comfort. The whiskey and apple juice provide sweetness and bring all the flavors together. Bake uncovered for four or five hours. Pull them out, let them cool for a minute, then baste with your favorite barbecue sauce. Then put the ribs on the grill for about ten minutes on each side to get them nice and caramelized and smoky."

Throw your own barbecue in honor of Hellyeah's self-titled debut, out this month.

time. The next thing you know, it's this crunchy, crusty thing.

What's the proper way to eat ribs?

With your fingers! It's sloppy, like sex. You've just got to go for it. [Laughs] Barbecue sauce dripping down the side of your face, that's the way to do it.

"BEST PLACE"

...for dinner and a dance"

- Esquire Magazine

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GAME OF THE MONTH

Forza Motorsport 2

(Microsoft) Xbox 360



There are two types of driving games: arcade-style and simulators. In the former, you want to smash up your opponent's car without plowing your own into a tire barrier at 100 miles per hour. In simulators, it's more about taking a virtual test drive of hot sports cars and pushing them beyond speeds that any shotgun-riding car salesman would allow. In *Forza*, you get the best of both. You can punish your roommate for drinking all the beer in the fridge by trashing his precious 1970 Porsche 914/6 (or any one of the 300-

plus cars he might be racing), or you can just cruise along and listen to the purr of your Lamborghini Gallardo as you round a corner at Laguna Seca race-track in Monterey, California. When you tire of taking your ride around the 45 circuits, hawk it in the online auction house via Xbox Live and use the cash to purchase another car that you can soup up with custom rims and a sick suspension.



BURN RUBBER

This year you'll see sequels for almost all the popular racing franchises. But for a real adrenaline rush, check out *Formula One Championship Edition*. Here's what you'll find:



TINY CARS, BIG TIRES

Forget having all that real-life steel around you. These guys have the balls to drive top down at speeds of more than 200 miles an hour—so expect to deal with inclement weather and major landscape blur as you go flying by.



THE ILLUSION OF COMPLETE CONTROL

This game has been designed so you can drive using the Wii's wireless controller as your steering wheel instead of maneuvering your car around hairpin turns with the analog stick. Good luck not sliding off the road.



TIME FOR A PIT STOP

Like in the real Grand Prix, cars require maintenance, so be prepared for scheduled pit stops to change your tires and make lightning-fast repairs. You won't want to be left in the dust, so get a handle on this mini-game quickly.

CRUISE ALONG AND LISTEN TO THE PURR OF YOUR LAMBORGHINI.



DID WE MENTION YOU GET TO FIGHT FANBOY FAVORITE VENOM?

PREVIEWS



INFERNAL

(Eidos) PC

In this third-person action-adventure title, you are a fallen angel who is helping the devil reestablish a healthy balance between good and evil. You'll need to rely on your magic abilities, like teleportation. There's plenty of action in the game—which is not surprising, considering it was built on the same engine used in *Tom Clancy's Ghost Recon Advanced Warfighter*. Though we were left craving a little more *Doom* and a little less *Psi-Ops*, it's hard to deny the fun of torching enemies with a flamethrower.



COMMAND AND CONQUER 3 TIBERIUM WARS

(EA) Xbox 360, PC

This game is packed with celebrity voice actors like Josh Holloway (the guy who plays Sawyer on *Lost*). But star power only improves the soundtrack. So what else can fans of this real-time war-strategy title expect? For starters, Kane is back and ready to control the Brotherhood of Nod, and three factions (two human, one alien) are fighting to control Earth. Players also can look forward to the same interface styles as the series' first two titles. We're already salivating over the addition of new, powerful body armor and exclusive multiplayer modes on Xbox Live.



SPIDER-MAN 3

(Activision) Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, PSP, DS, GBA

In this next-generation game based on the summer's first blockbuster, Spidey looks ready to web-shoot Sandman and the New Green Goblin into submission. But will the gameplay match the coolness of being able to play in both his red and black suits, each with its own abilities? We think so. Even though one of the development teams working on this project helped build the dreadful *Batman Begins*, they shined with *Marvel Ultimate Alliance*, *Ultimate Spider-Man*, and most of the *Tony Hawk* series. Oh, and did we mention you get to fight fanboy favorite Venom?



TOUCH THE DEAD

(Eidos) DS

Like in most zombie shooters, you are armed and dangerous, blowing limbs and heads off undead rotting corpses that want to eat your brain for dinner. But for this arcade-style title, you have to be quick with a different kind of trigger, because you have to tap your stylus on the screen to shoot your hungry foes and drag ammo into your gun. You don't have camera control, you don't have to move your character (you're on a mostly set path, like the "haunted mine" ride at the local fair), and the A.I. isn't particularly advanced, but this did make us nostalgic for those hours we spent plunking quarters into *The House of the Dead*.

REVIEWS



A Hard Night's Wank

Cartoonist Joe Matt is his own prime target in this graphic memoir that celebrates solitude.

SPENT

(Drawn & Quarterly)

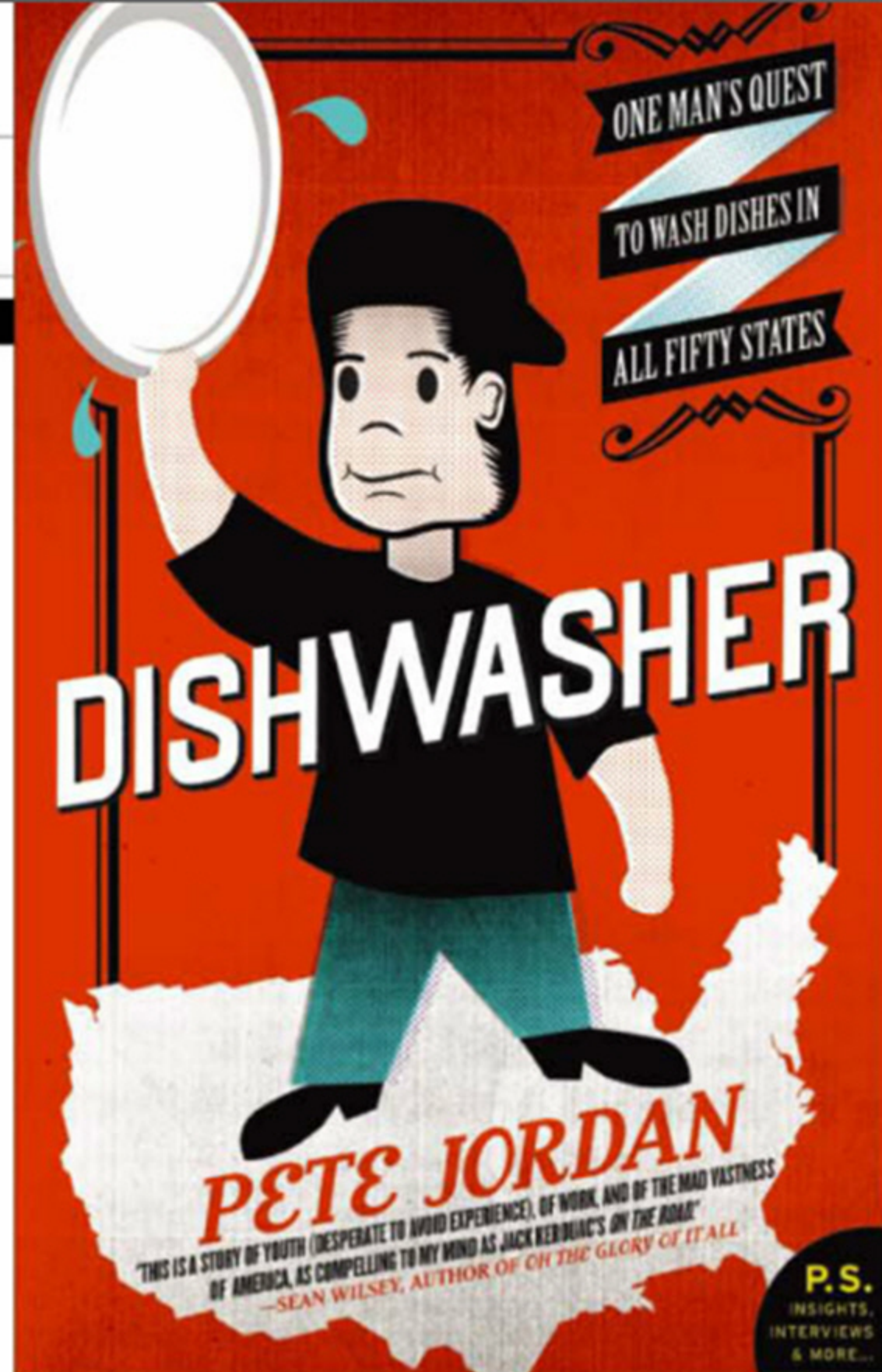
Joe Matt's not the kind of guy you'd want to spend more than an afternoon with—at least if this collection accurately reflects his personality. *That* Joe Matt would likely try to make you buy him lunch, bilk you out of cash, and whine about the lack of romance in his life while making fun of your cushy job and your relationships. But what might be annoying in person is what's made his *Peepshow* comic (from which *Spent* is drawn) a popular and artistic success. We can laugh partly at him and partly with him; he's the butt of most of his jokes. He's the horny loser who painstakingly dubs hours and hours of borrowed porn so he can edit out all the guys and insert himself into the fantasy.

Who knows whether or not Matt's exaggerating his miserly, antisocial ways? Despite being over-the-top, the stories offer a hilarious peek into the mind of a smart guy who's way more obsessed with rare comics than real live girls, and who pees in two large jugs rather than venture into

the hallway and risk seeing his landlady or crazy roommate. Matt's the comic equivalent of that friend we all have who's slightly strange, whose bedroom habits we don't really want to know about, who skeeves us out, but we keep him around because he makes us laugh so hard we might have an accident. *Spent*'s a fast, easy read that occasionally verges on the grotesque, but it also makes you want to see who Matt will offend next.



MATT'S A SMART GUY WHO'S MORE OBSESSED WITH RARE COMICS THAN REAL GIRLS.



DISHWASHER

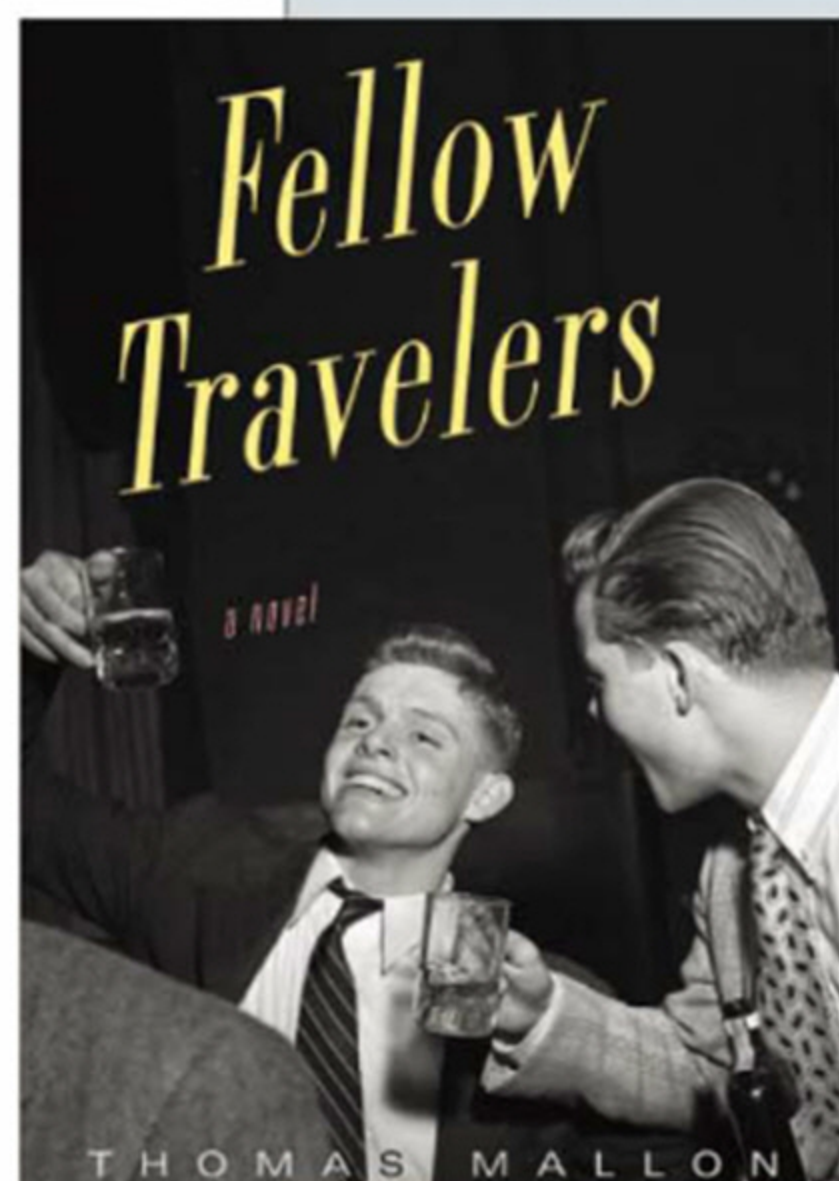
(Harper Perennial)

I never read Pete Jordan's classic nineties zine *Dishwasher*, but I certainly heard plenty about it. To the indie publishing world at the time, Jordan was an infamous nomad obsessed with scrubbing pots and pans. It sounded like an interesting gimmick, but one that might get old after an issue or two. As it turns out, his memoir, subtitled *One Man's Quest to Wash Dishes in All Fifty States*, is as far from a publishing gimmick as you can get. Jordan was never the corporate type, and instead of following his father's wishes, he dropped out of college and discovered he loved sudsing. Washing dishes allowed him to travel and live freely, publishing his tales sporadically from various outposts and building up a loyal following of 10,000 readers along the way.

There's something incredibly seductive about Jordan's ability to simply saunter into a town, pop his head into a few restaurants, and have a job within hours. Jordan's not an overachiever type, refusing to so much as stir a pot since it's not in his job description. Yet, unlike so many of us who wind up in jobs we hate simply because it's expected, he quits the minute he's bored. Sprinkled with fascinating dish-washing history

(Jordan seems to know every celeb who's ever been a "dish dawg"), a *Letterman* spoof in which he sends his best friend in his place, and a guided tour of the country's kitchens, *Dishwasher's* appeal is in Jordan's triumph, proving that following your heart—even into a sink full of scalding water—isn't such a bad idea.

HE QUIT
COLLEGE
AND DIS-
COVERED
HE LOVED
SUDSING.



SHORT TAKES

FELLOW TRAVELERS (Pantheon)

Thomas Mallon's new novel is set in 1950s Washington, D.C., at the height of Senator Joseph McCarthy's witch hunt against communists, suspected communists, imaginary communists, and basically anyone who opposed him and his methods. We've been here many times before, but what makes this book special is Mallon's skill in seamlessly weaving the dramatic real-life events and characters into the story of two gay lovers who work for the government. For these men, spending most of their lives in the closet was necessary, not simply because homosexuality was frowned upon by society, but because their jobs and even their freedom were at risk at a time when government inquisitors (some of whom, like J. Edgar Hoover and McCarthy's chief counsel Roy Cohn, were gay themselves) viewed homosexuality as literally subversive.



THICK AS THIEVES (Henry Holt)

Steve Geng has written an unforgettable, rough-and-tumble valentine to his big sister Veronica—a *New Yorker* writer and editor, acclaimed as "the most important comic writer of our time," who died of a brain tumor in 1997. By comparison, Steve's pathetic life as a small-time thief, hustler, and junkie seemed to fulfill their father's early prediction that "one of these days that kid's gonna get his tit in a wringer." But, in an irony that Veronica surely would have appreciated, the kid went through the wringer and came out with this beautifully written memoir that is actually funnier—and more heartbreaking—than most of his sister's writing.—Peter Bloch



EIGHT REASONS TO GOOGLE...

Rachelle Lefevre

You know her as the stripper on *What About Brian* who fell for a groom at his own bachelor party ... then married him. Now she's hitting the big screen—and the big time—in *Prom Wars* and *Fugitive Pieces*.

She Can Pole Dance

"A couple of things were really helpful in preparing [to play a stripper]. The first was growing up in Montreal, which has a very European flavor, so I grew up unafraid of my sexuality. Also, because the city has so many strip bars, I'd been to my fair share. The second thing was working with a teacher from Sheila Kelley's *S Factor* here in L.A. I really don't know where I would have been without those lessons! I was a little terrified about the actual dancing, but it's new, so bring it on!"

She Doesn't Get Too Girlie About Prom

"*Prom Wars* is a satire about two all-boys' schools that compete for the right to go to prom with the girls' school in town. I play the straight-talking best friend of the film's 'hero.' The best part for me was getting to reteam with Phil Price, who directed me in *Hatley High* a few years ago. We had a lot of the same crew, so it was

"PEOPLE ARE SHOCKED TO HEAR THAT I CAN TALK LIKE A TRUCKER. IT'S SUPER UNLADYLIKE."

kind of like going home to hang out with old friends.

"I never really got excited about the whole dream-date aspect of the prom, so I planned to go solo and hang with friends. At the last minute a friend of mine wanted to bring his buddy from another school, so I let him come as my date. Turned out he was really sweet and *hot*."

She Really Was a Geek

"I was not popular at all. I had some friends, but I was more of a misfit. Actually, I think I was a geek. I was class president, a prefect, head of a zillion committees, but I could never sit at the lunch table. You know the one. I guess the U.S. and Canada can't be that different because that dreaded lunch table is in every American high school movie."

She Wants to Be a Bad Girl

"I'd welcome the kind of freedom that comes with playing a bad girl, to put away my conscience for a while. I'd also love a job where someone paid me to work out and train for six months and then set me loose in an action film, à la *Kill Bill* or *Tomb Raider*."

She Respects Her Elders

"Being Jewish made [*Fugitive Pieces*] special for me. I remember being up for some bigger films at the time, and the one I kept praying to book was that one. My grandparents lived it, so I've known the horror of those events since childhood. I like to think they would be really proud if they were alive today."

She Knows When to Go to the Videotape

"I used to put myself on tape a lot because I wasn't in L.A. to audition. My friend Matt used to read the other part, film, and direct. We would spend hours rehearsing, putting

together some sort of costume, and filming these mini scenes. It was some of the most fun I've had as an actor—and I booked three jobs that way.... I got discovered for *Big Wolf on Campus* while waitressing to pay my school tuition. There have been other breaks since then, but none that resulted in me running around a sushi bar yelling, 'I quit! I quit!' There has never been another moment quite like that one."

She Can Be a Bitch

"There are times when I really wouldn't want to argue with me. The most important thing I've learned as I've gotten older is 'pick your battles.' But I'm pretty low-key. I read a fair amount, I do yoga, hang out with friends. When I do go out, though, I can definitely dance a hole in the floor."

She Talks Dirty

"My full name is pretty wordy: Rachelle Antoinette Chartreuse Lefevre. My friends used to say it was a good adult-film name! People are pretty shocked to hear that I can really talk like a trucker. It's super unladylike. Something about the curly red hair and the F-word catches people off guard! Being in *Penthouse* [will surprise people, too, but] like I said before, it's new, so bring it on." —**OL**



By Lori Applebaum

"MONTREAL
HAS SO MANY
STRIP BARS,
I'D BEEN TO MY
FAIR SHARE."

"As a professional restorer of antique and classic watches for museums, including the Smithsonian, I recently reviewed the movement and individual parts of the Stauer 1779 Skeleton watch. The assembly and the precision of the mechanical movement are excellent."

*—George Thomas
Towson Watch Company*



No Bones About It

The Vintage Design of the Stauer 1779 Skeleton Reveals the Precision Inner Workings of a Great Machine.

We found our most interesting watch in our oldest history book. A trip to an antique book store led us to find one of the earliest designs of the sought after skeleton timepiece. With a 227-year-old design, Stauer has brought back the past in the intriguing old world geometry of the Stauer 1779 Skeleton. See right through to the precision parts and hand assembled movement and into the heart of the unique timepiece. It's like seeing an X-Ray inside the handsome gold filled case.

Beauty is only skin deep but the Engineering Goes Right to the Bone.

Intelligent Collectors of vintage mechanical watches have grown bored with mass produced quartz movements. Like fine antique car collectors, they look for authenticity, but they also want practicality from their tiny machines. Inspired by a rare museum piece dating to 1779, we engineered this classic with \$31,000,000 worth of precise Swiss built machinery to create the intricate gears and levers. So the historians are thrilled with the authenticity and the demanding engineers are quite impressed with the technical performance.

See All the Way Through. The crystal on the front and the see through exhibition back allow you to observe the gold-fused mainspring, escapement, balance wheel and many of the 17 rubies work in harmony. The balance wheel oscillates at 21,600 times per hour for superb accuracy. The crocodile embossed leather strap adjusts from 6 1/2" to 9" so it will fit practically any wrist. So give it a little wind and the gears roar to life.

The Time Machine. We took the timepiece to George Thomas, a noted historian and watch restorer for museums such as the Smithsonian, and he dissected the 110 parts of



The open exhibition back allows you to further explore the intricate movement and fine craftsmanship.

the vintage movement. He gave the "1779" top reviews. "It is possible to build it better than the original, and your new skeleton requires so little maintenance." When we shared the price with him, George was stunned. He said that no other luxury skeleton can be had for under \$1000. But we pour our money into the watch construction, not into sponsoring yacht races and polo matches. We have been able to keep the price on this collector's limited edition to only three payments of \$33.00. So you can wear a piece of watch making history and still

keep most of your money in your pocket, not on your wrist. This incredible watch has an attractive price and comes with an exclusive 30-day in-home trial. If you're not completely satisfied with the performance and exquisite detail of this fine timepiece, simply return it for a full refund of your purchase price. There are only 4,999 in the limited edition, so please act quickly. Historical value rarely repeats itself.

Not Available in Stores

Call now to take advantage of this limited offer.

Stauer 1779 Skeleton Watch • 3 payments of \$33 + S&H

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WORKOUT WARRIOR

Sweat Shop

Does your sack have
what it takes?
Photographs by
Nick Ferrari



Getting yourself to the gym is hard enough. Making it to the gym and then having to paw through rancid protein bars, moldering jockstraps, and socks that haven't been washed in so long they're biohazardous is just self-punishment. So dump the toxic waste and make your workout routine, if not fun, then streamlined and effective with these new essentials.

**SOLE SAVER**

Dropping a fortune on sneakers means diddly if you're wearing tube socks. A lunatic we know who ran 300 miles straight swears by **PowerSox**, which provide padding and support to head off blisters. \$8 for two pairs

DON'T DROP THE SOAP

Bar soap isn't exactly portable. Instead, scrub with **Biotherm Homme AquaFitness** shower gel. It smells a lot manlier than the floral crap you have to use at your girl's place, and it's designed for skin *and* hair, so you won't need to fumble with a bunch of trial-size hotel freebies. \$18

POWERFUL POWDER

Sometimes the most low-tech stuff can really improve your workout experience—and freshen the air for your fellow gym goers. Stash a box of **baking soda** in your locker. It will help keep ripe odors to a minimum, and you also can sprinkle it on your feet and in your shoes to absorb sweat. About \$1 for 16 ounces.

RESERVOIR DOG

This sleek half-liter **CamelBak** water bottle will fit in most cardio-machine cup-holders, and the Big Bite Valve eliminates the risk of dribbling all over yourself in front of the hot personal trainers: No need to tip the bottle, just bite the mouthpiece and sip. \$10

OTHER TIPS:

- Stash some quart-size **ziplock bags** in an outside pocket of your bag to contain any leaky toiletries and to stash your sweaty clothes.
- Chances are, the locker room and showers at your gym are less than sparkling. Wear **flip-flops** in there.

**FOLLOW THE DRESS CODE**

No matter how buff you think you are, do not work out in anything that showcases your belly, chest hair, or—listen up, this is crucial—nipples. Check out **Under Armour's HeatGear T-shirt**, which keeps you cool and covered in all the right places. \$25



PROTEIN FOR YOUR SWEET TOOTH

On the flavor scale, most protein bars fall somewhere between "hearty cardboard" and "kitty litter." **Detour bars** taste like candy—try the caramel-peanut flavor—and they pack 30 grams of protein. That's the equivalent of a chicken breast—but keep poultry out of your bag. \$3

THE WELL-SHOD POD

The new iPod Shuffle will endure 180 plays of Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger" without running out of juice. Keep your hands free for triumphant stair-climbs à la *Rocky* with **Marware's Sportsuit Runabout**, which can be worn around your wrist or your soon-to-be-rippling bicep. \$15

BENCH THE STENCH

Do your freshly washed gym clothes still reek? The odor-causing bacteria in sweat get trapped in the fibers, especially with moisture-wicking "high-tech" fabrics, and most detergents don't penetrate that deep. **WIN** is super-oxygenated to get rid of the musk and nix yellow pit stains. Two 21-ounce bottles can be found at WINDetergent.com for \$14.

SOP UP YOUR SWEAT

No one wants to get on the same treadmill that the Michael Moore look-alike just drenched. Keep your sweat to yourself with the **Hydrixx Hard-Core Workout Towel**. Rinse it in cold water and store it in the plastic tube until you're ready to dry off. The thick chamois stays cool and absorbs five times its weight in water. \$18

ALL DAY I DREAM ABOUT SQUATS

Maybe they gave out nylon duffels at the company picnic five years ago, but you shouldn't still be toting it to work every day. The **Ultimate Rendezvous Duffel** by **Adidas** has a handy slot for your gym ID and a removable shower caddy. \$60

LOG JAM

Don't surrender to your La-Z-Boy. To ensure that you keep seeing results, record the amount you benched on Monday and jot down a loftier number for Friday in the **BodyMinder Workout & Exercise Journal**. Fact: Writing your goals strengthens commitment. \$15



Swingers Club

You'll go deep with these new softball bats.
Photograph by Nick Ferrari

Teddy Roosevelt said it's best to speak softly and carry a big stick. He was referring to foreign policy, but the philosophy applies to softball, too, because there are new bats on the market that will help you hammer your message home when you're at war on the diamond. These new composite bats are lighter, with a larger, more powerful sweet spot than

the old alloy bats. Now those beer-league balls that died at the warning track might finally clear the fence and break windows in the parking lot. So forget about trash-talking and let your swing speak for itself. Here are some of the best long-ballers on deck.

Before You Buy

1 Know which rule book your league follows, the Amateur Softball Association or the U.S. Slow Pitch Softball Association. The stick of your dreams might be banned.



The lineup. From the top.

NIKE AERO ATHENA

Nike's got a fast-pitch softball bat to add to your collection of swoosh-covered paraphernalia. Its Aero Athena features aero-cap construction and is a whopping three percent more aerodynamic than most bats—as if that matters. Gimmicks aside, it's a good deal. \$250

COMBAT VIRUS

Combat gives sluggers more options than anyone. Their bats come in varying swing weights, so you can select how end-loaded you want your Virus. And the short, ten-inch-long barrel has a sweet spot near the bat's end, which increases bat speed at the point of contact, turning a 300-footer into a 315-foot bomb. So those unintentional sacrifice flies turn into round-trippers. \$300

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER NEXUS

The Kentucky home of splendid splinters is now in the composite-bat business as well. Its new Nexus boasts 100 percent aerospace-grade graphite. In the batter's box, this adds up to a bigger sweet spot, a smoother swing, and the chance to move up in the batting order. \$300

2 If you're a power hitter obsessed with going yard on every pitch, buy a heavier bat (around 30 ounces) that bears most of its weight at the end of the barrel.

3 If you're a Punch-and-Judy-type hitter, go with a lighter bat (around 27 ounces). It will help you swing faster and make it easier to aim for holes in the defense.

4 Don't buy an expensive bat if you're going to use it in temperatures below 50 degrees. As the mercury drops, balls get harder and may damage the bat.



COMBAT ANTI-VIRUS

If you're too busy drinking to research your league's bat restrictions, there's always the Anti-Virus. It's approved by the Amateur Softball Association, so you can use it in almost any league. It will help pad your stats, like the Combat Virus, but it probably won't take the pitcher's head off. \$300

TURN A
300-FOOTER
INTO A 315-FOOT
BOMB.

DEMARINI JUGGERNAUT

Like the X-Men villain of the same name, the Juggernaut will demolish anything that's thrown at it. Chalk that up to DeMarini's stacked technology, which features three composite walls. Each is separated by a grease-like film. When the ball strikes the barrel, the three walls compress and slide against one another, creating a trampoline effect that launches the ball mutant-worthy distances. \$300

PET PEEVES



Men do stupid things to impress women. Some of them work. Most don't. We asked Pet Melissa Jacobs (October '05) to draw the line between style and overkill.

Spritz, Don't Blitz

"It's one thing to smell good, but it's another thing to smell like the cologne section of the department store. Spray the body a little bit, or spray it into the air and walk through the mist. I like to get a little close and get a nice whiff from your neck. It shouldn't be where I can point you out from 15 feet away and say, 'That guy is wearing Polo.' Oh, and use lots of pit stick."

"I DOUBT THE GUY WITH THE PENCIL-THIN BEARD CAN PLEASE A WOMAN."

Stubble Trouble

"I highly doubt that the kind of guy who shaves the pencil-thin beard knows how to please a woman. If you're going to spend that much time on your beard, there's something else to worry about. I would go for a guy with trimmed stubble. Some slight trimming is definitely worth the effort—so it doesn't look like you're lost in the woods or something—but I wouldn't want to date that kind of guy. I wouldn't want to have to wait for him to be ready to leave the house after spending so much time on his beard. It's a double-edged sword."

Gel and Damnation

"Perfect hair is creepy. I like the messy look. And I like when I can run my fingers through it. It doesn't have to be completely free of product, but there are other things that you can use without looking like you just put a tub of glue in your hair. There is putty that will keep your hair soft. It's okay if there are a few strands out of place."

Stupid Hat Tricks

"I kinda like a guy who just wears his baseball cap backward or maybe one of those new fedoras. But don't stress for an hour over the way you wear it, that's for sure. And I'm not going to be down with the hat if you're trying to be all gangsta about it—you know, when it's tilted and you've got the tag hanging off it as if you just bought it. I don't care about the sticker. Just pull it off, please! Somebody will get blinded by the glare and end up driving into a pole. Won't you feel bad then?"

He's Come Undone

"Oh God, I hate it if a guy has his shirt all open! It's so cheesy. Having one or two buttons undone at the top to look more casual and not so uptight definitely works. Otherwise, you look like you're trying to be some Italian stud or something."

The Naked Ape

"I am not a fan of waxed chests. I guess if you're a bodybuilder and it's for the pure aesthetic of it, fine. But even then, I think you should just leave it. But if you're super, super hairy—like Robin Williams—I guess I understand."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS KING



SCOUNDREL

Words of wisdom from a 21st-century rogue

Dear Scoundrel, I've always wanted to shoot a home sex video, but I have never had the balls to ask my girlfriend. I've done mildly kinky stuff like blindfolding her, but haven't gone further. How do I suggest we make a tape without coming across like a total perv?—E.R., New Hampshire

Homemade sex tapes should be rolled out in baby steps. Don't just whip out your high-def digital video camera with the mounted teleprompter and expect her to orgasm on demand.

You need to test the waters of the exhibitionist pool before you attempt a triple lindy. Start with your camera phone. It's fun, its got fuzzy lighting that hides blemishes, and the fish-eye lens will make you look well-endowed. Casually shoot a couple of pics while you're hanging out in bed and let it naturally progress from there.

If your girl is being pigheaded about porking on tape, leave the cassette out of it. Hook up the camera to a TV as a live feed

first (but be sure she's comfortable with the extra ten pounds added on-screen). Compliment her physique. Say, "You look really sexy. Your blue eyes perfectly match that ball gag." All women want to feel good about their bodies.

If she reluctantly agrees to star in your art-house film if its release is limited to a single private viewing, there's always the bastard move: Make a deal to destroy the tape immediately after its premiere. She will agree, you will tape it, and that tape will get more lost than a North Korean warhead. But take note: Once a sex tape is born, it may kill your future presidential campaign. And even if you're not concerned about getting nailed by the Drudge Report, be careful. I know a couple who stashed a sex tape in their underwear drawer years ago and then lost it. No doubt it will turn up when they're going through vacation footage with the in-laws after a Manischewitz-marinated Passover. And that's not kosher.

Double-check that she's not handcuffed to anything and get out.



Dear Scoundrel, I love raging on weeknights, but I don't always go home before stumbling into the office the next morning. How do I make it look like I got a good night's rest?—A.T., New York

Get real—"a good night's rest" is pushing it. With a little work, you can upgrade your look from "36-hour meth binge" to "slightly disheveled." Keep a jacket-sweater combo in your desk or car. It looks like it took a lot of work to put on all those layers of clothing. No one in the world remembers pants or shoes, just shirts.

The shave is tough—so leave the stubble. You don't have to look fresh early in the morning, just busy. Stack papers in your trunk and enter the office carrying way too many manila folders while muttering under your breath. Everybody will assume you're working on something monumental, instead of recuperating from a night spent banging Kirk Kerkorian's ex-wife on a craps table.

Slam the folders on your desk with a vigor that screams, "Good God, I need some carrot juice." And don't ignore the morning drink. It's an oft-overlooked accessory that's more important than your watch. Chug the coffee before you walk into the

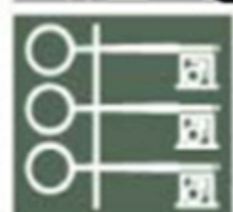
office, then switch to the carrot juice. Everyone will attribute the bags under your eyes to caffeine withdrawal.

Dear Scoundrel, Next time I bag a girl I shouldn't have, how can I get her out of my place before my roommates wake up?—A.H., Indiana

Ahh, the lingering femme. Rookie move. If you didn't already set up the lie—"I have brunch plans/a tennis match/a trigonometry tutoring session with a former crack baby"—you fucked up. Shower, get dressed, and make your way toward the front door. Before you leave, rustle your keys to wake her up and look at her like she better get it together. Last night you were John Travolta feverish; today you are Samuel L. Jackson cool.

Double-check that she's not handcuffed to anything and get out. Buy a coffee. Reflect on the evening. Relive the glory of a new, unfamiliar moan. If hollaback girl is still there when you return, resist the temptation to claim you have the clap. We are scoundrels, not assholes.

SEND YOUR QUESTIONS TO
SCOUNDREL@PMGI.COM



Snap to it

Your memories may be fuzzy, but your party pictures should be sharp. Here's how to take great shots.

Chances are, you only bust out your camera when you're with friends at parties or bars. The light is really poor for photography in those places, and weak light leads to those horrible social mug shots—you know, the extreme close-ups that give your friends a deathly pallor and menacing red eyes. Most cameras adjust to dim environments by blitzing the room with a flash—creating the zombie effect. But the best new models pack special capabilities that will make your party pics vibrant, and your friends appear almost lifelike.



IF YOU'RE DRUNK, LEAN AGAINST A WALL TO STEADY THE CAMERA.

FRIDAY-NIGHT LIGHTS

Cameras have an ISO setting to adjust their light sensitivity. The higher the ISO setting, the less light you need, allowing you to dim the flash to avoid washed-out colors and red-eye.

Get a camera with a wide ISO range that goes up to at least ISO 2000. And make sure your camera has an adjustable flash. The Casio Exilim EX-S770 (\$300) has a "soft

flash" setting that minimizes the flash's harshest effects. But if your camera's flash isn't adjustable, drape a white tissue over the bulb to dampen the brightness.

Shoot to Thrill With These Tricks of the Trade

- 1 Avoid wide-angle photos because they make people look chubby.
- 2 Use the middle of the zoom range (say, 2x on a 3x zoom) to minimize lens distortion.
- 3 Limit the demonic red-eye effect by shooting from an angle.



Penthouse Pick

We didn't find one camera with all the capabilities we needed for supreme party photography, but the Fujifilm F31fd came closest. Though it lacks image stabilization, its super-high ISO capabilities (up to ISO 3200) avoid blur. And it takes the best-looking high-ISO-sensitivity shots—with far less graininess than the competitors. Toss in face recognition and a very smart, automatically adjustable flash, and you've got a camera that can party all night. Case closed, right? Wrong. During our testing, Fujifilm announced a trimmer version of the F31fd, the F40fd (\$300). It takes higher-resolution photos, but lacks the former model's range of light sensitivity (up to ISO 2000). So it's a toss-up: slimmer camera but weaker low-light performance. Take your pick.

NEVER FORGET A FACE

Any camera can automatically focus, but it may not focus on what you want it to—your friend's face. And what if you're

taking a group picture with people at slightly different distances? Some cameras, like the Fujifilm F31fd (\$400), can actually detect

faces. It automatically sets the focus and the exposure for up to ten faces, ensuring everyone is captured as clearly as possible.



BE A SHARPSHOOTER

The other way you can take brighter photos is by leaving the shutter open longer. But the greater exposure to light can blur images. Minimize this by

keeping the camera extra steady: Hold it close to your body, lean against a wall, or plant your elbows on a table. (That's also a good tip if you've had too much

to drink.) Also, consider a camera with optical-image stabilization. The Canon PowerShot SD800 IS (\$400) can adjust the lens to compensate for jitters.

4 Shoot your fat friends from a high angle. It has a slimming effect.

5 Stay at least three feet away from your subject. You can zoom in on the photo later.

6 If the setting is unimportant, use a low aperture setting to blur the background.



Flying V

Honda's signature V-4 engine returns to defend its MotoGP championship title on racing's most prestigious stage, while breaking new ground on the street.



The Honda Interceptor is a wonderfully versatile street bike, and so well-behaved that you'd never think it shares engine DNA with one of the gnarliest factory race bikes ever built. But after Honda grabbed the 2006 MotoGP Championship the rules changed, ending the racing career of the unique five-cylinder RC211V. Yet fate has determined that this exemplary street ride will live on as a racer. To comply with the new 2007 maximum-displacement restriction (from 990 cc down to 800 cc), Honda excised one cylinder and built an all-new V-4. And as wickedly tricked out

as the new bike is, there's something quite familiar about the motor.

The liquid-cooled V-4 engine has been a Honda sport-bike trademark since the original 1983 Interceptor. Similar to GP champ Nicky Hayden's new RC212V race bike, the 2007 Honda Interceptor has a fuel-injected, 781-cc V-4 and ultra-sophisticated engine architecture. Unlike the GP bike, though, the Interceptor is no shrieking factory banshee, but rather a stealthy rocket that oozes



refinement, from its stylish headlights to its slick under-seat exhausts.

You've no doubt heard about Honda's VTEC valve train on the car side, but the Interceptor's version is unique in the world of two-wheeled locomotion. At lower rpm, the four-valve cylinders run on just two valves to maximize torque and response. But once the revs cross 6,400, all four valves get into the act and the intake howl dramatically alters in pitch—as if the Honda's testicles have suddenly dropped. This change ensures maximum top-end power, yet the engine never loses its smooth composure. The classic 90-degree cylinder spread guarantees perfect primary balance, making vibration a nonentity compared with typical inline fours.

Even the Interceptor's chassis is sophisticated, with a "pivotless" aluminum frame that helps in bump compliance when the bike is tilted, and powerful linked brakes. This system works differently from conventional brakes: The front brake




THE
INTERCEPTOR
IS NOT A
SHRIEKING
FACTORY
BANSHEE,
BUT RATHER
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ROCKET
THAT OOZES
REFINEMENT.

lever doesn't just operate the front brakes, nor the rear brake pedal solely the rear. Instead, the front lever activates the front while partially activating the rear disc as well, and vice versa. All this complexity is in the interest of balance, and the result is a much more stable bike under braking—especially during unexpected episodes of panic, like when that cab suddenly darts in front of you. Drop the extra \$1,000 for the Interceptor with ABS—antilock braking system—for maximum stopping power.

The riding position is more upright than that of racier sport bikes, which spares your back in city traffic. Throw on some luggage, and you and your partner can enjoy canyon-carving weekend touring at its best.

Nicky Hayden's GP V-4 is so advanced that Honda's guarding the specs, and it can't be purchased. But the Interceptor has the same glorious basics, wrapped in a perfect package for your more genteel riding needs.

This motorcycle has been around in ever-improved versions for nearly two and a half decades, and for good reason: Honda's refined real-world sport bike always possesses the latest technology and is a master of versatility. The center of this package is still one of motorcycling's greatest engines, and its return to the racetrack just adds more mystique to the legacy. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type:	Liquid-cooled, 90-degree V-4
Bore x stroke:	72 mm x 48 mm
Displacement:	781 cc
Fuel system:	Programmed fuel injection
Ignition:	Digital
Transmission:	Six speed
Front suspension:	43-mm HMAS cartridge forks, preload adjustable
Rear suspension:	Pro-Link single HMAS gas shock, preload and rebound adjustable
Front brakes:	Dual 296-mm discs with LBS three-piston calipers and ABS
Rear brake:	Single 256-mm disc with LBS three-piston caliper and ABS
Front tire:	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire:	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank:	5.8 gallons
Wheelbase:	57.4 inches
Seat height:	31.7 inches
Dry weight:	481 pounds
MSRP:	\$11,599 (red); \$12,099 (red/white/blue)





Chevy Mettle

More than 40 years ago, Chevy muscled into the performance market with an Impala SS that became an instant classic. Does the new SS live up to its famous name?

To fully enjoy the feral pleasures of Chevy's new Impala SS, you first have to accept that it's not the sharpest tool in the pony-car shed. General Motors has developed a flawed but relatively affordable (\$28,655) sedan that is most notable for its raw, at times crude, power. The small-block 5.3-liter V-8 comes straight from the Corvette factory and is tuned tight enough to mill 303 horsepower and a stunning 323 foot-pounds of thrust.

The main problem with the Impala SS is that it's really only developed that one muscle, like a bodybuilder with massive biceps and feather-weight forearms. The engine is a revelation of 'Vette-like power, and zero becomes 60 in 5.7 seconds. But the front-wheel-drive chassis makes it hard to steer as you rocket onto the interstate. It's as fun—and wild—as a hit of nitrous oxide.

The brakes are a bit splashy, and the daffy suspension rolls when it should be rock-solid. I tested the Impala in Daytona Beach, Florida, during Race Week, and got a very

pleasant buzz out of squeezing the V-8 along International Speedway Boulevard at breakneck speed. But when I jammed on the brakes turning into a cloverleaf, I felt as though I was going to flip the SS onto the grass.

Of course, since it was first introduced in 1961, the muscular Impala SS has always been about brawn, with brainier elements like

suspension and handling getting the shaft. But this model seems to have skipped an evolutionary step, and stubbornly holds on to unfortunate relics of the past. The interior, for instance, has the simple layout and uncomplicated gauges of a vintage muscle car. But the engineers seem to have been hamstrung by factory-bin parts, which make some elements of



1965 Chevy Impala Super Sport Coupe





the SS look downright cheap. Fake carbon weave covers the dashboard and interior door trim. The bulky shifter pokes out of a base that resembles an orifice in plastic imitation chrome.

However, the exterior comes in a

THE MUSCULAR
IMPALA SS HAS
ALWAYS BEEN
ABOUT BRAWN,
NOT BRAINS.

menacing imperial black, and the SS carries itself with a quiet masculinity, like an upstanding cop patrolling dark alleys. Well-placed chrome splashes accentuate all that understatement: The twin chrome tailpipes sparkle under the boxy tail, and the 18-inch silver rims look like serving platters.

The front grille, broad leather headrests, and oversize steering wheel are badged with the ss logo—not-so-subtle reminders of the Impala Super Sport's 40-year legacy as a middle child in a muscle-car family known for being fast, cheap, and out of control. As wild and woolly as it is, this Impala might be too much of each. **OT**

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style:	Five- or six-passenger four-door sedan
Engine:	5.3-liter V-8, Active Fuel Management, sequential fuel injection
Power:	303 horsepower
Torque:	323 foot-pounds
Transmission:	Four-speed automatic
Front suspension:	MacPherson strut, coil-over spring
Rear suspension:	Independent tri-link coil-over strut
Wheelbase:	110.5 inches
Tires (front and rear):	18-inch P235/50R18 Goodyear RS-A
Curb weight:	3,712 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60 mph:	5.7 seconds
Top speed:	154 mph
Fuel economy:	18 mpg city, 27 highway
Price (as tested):	\$28,655



THE POURHOUSE



PISCO SOUR (SERVES FOUR)

- 3 cups of pisco (Chilean pisco can be found in most liquor stores.)
- 1 cup of fresh lemon or lime juice
- 1/2 cup superfine sugar (adjust to taste)
- Ice
- 1 egg white (optional)
- Angostura bitters (optional)

Pour the pisco, lemon or lime juice, sugar, and ice into a blender. Mix until smooth and pour into highball or cocktail glasses.

For those who like a little raw egg with their happy hour, the Peruvian version of pisco sour includes an egg white. Add one to the ingredients in the blender and mix until frothy. After pouring, add a few drops of Angostura bitters to each cocktail. Kiss Margaritaville good-bye.

THINK OF IT
AS CHILE'S
HAPPY-HOUR
MARGARITA.

Pisco Sour

Drunks and snobs love Chilean wine for its taste and value, but to really get a party started, the natives opt for vino's stronger, more rambunctious cousin.

We all agree that happy hour is a genius concept, but let's face it: There are only so many two-for-one margaritas a guy can handle before the Slurpee-sweetness of the mixer starts corroding the tequila's goodwill. Fortunately, Chile—a country whose impressive length makes up for its meager girth—says *salud* with a more harmonious alternative.

Pisco is a clear or light-yellow brandy that's typically distilled from Muscat grapes in copper vats. When

mixed with fresh lemon or lime juice and superfine sugar it yields the pisco sour, renowned for its contrast of punchy citrus (the "sour" component) and the smooth aftertaste of the liquor. Pisco has less bite than tequila, and pairing it with fresh juice prevents the sugar shock that sullies so many cheap well drinks.

Since Chileans don't eat dinner until 9 or 10 P.M., a daily cocktail hour (or three) involving friends, relatives, and coworkers is par for the course—

and pisco is at the center of it all. Think of the pisco sour as Chile's version of our ubiquitous happy-hour margarita. Pisco also complements Coke in the cocktail known as *pisco*. (It's pronounced *PEES-cola*, and you're allowed to giggle like a schoolgirl when you say it.) And aged pisco, which is stronger and darker in color, can be enjoyed straight or on the rocks.

Just don't blame us if your pisco party ends with you showing your salsa moves to the company CEO.

POSITIVE EFFECT ON THE VODKA'S TASTE. - ASSOCIATED PRESS MIRACULOUS...A MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN. - USA TODAY ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLICK

CE AS FLAVORFUL. - THE ADVOCATE GREAT STRENGTH IN TEXTURE...SMOOTH MOUTH FEEL ...A PERFECT WEDDING. - ST. PETER TIMES SOY IS VERY CC

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FLAWLESS VODKA RATING OF 100 POINTS EVER RECORDED. - IBAT* ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLICK. - PLAYBOY FIRST FLAWLESS VODKA RATI

OFFERS A SMOOTH TASTE. - ABC NEWS A HEALTHIER WAY TO GET SHITFACED...WE CAN ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MA

ND THAT'S STORMING THE BAR SCENE. - COSMOPOLITAN SMOOTH AS FRENCH SILK AND TWICE AS FLAVORFUL - THE ADVOCATE TOP TEN MUST-HAVE ITEMS

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LESS UNMATCHED BY ANY OTHER VODKA...YOU'LL FIND THAT 3 IS TRULY TRIPLE SMOOTH. ...A SMOOTHER VODKA...TH



3 VODKA.
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Lenka

*Lenka Janistinova,
a 23-year-old Czech grad
student in economics
who moonlights as a
model, sets her own
benchmark for beauty.*

*Photographs by
Roberto Rocco*

*old
standard*



"It was cold the day we took these photos, but I kept warm by fantasizing about what I wanted my lover to do to me on this soft fur."



"I love northern Africa. The energy of Morocco is indescribable, but Tunisia is my favorite place. I like things very hot, especially my surroundings."





"I like to salsa dance and do Tae Bo. They both take a lot out of you, but I want to be able to eat what I want and stay in shape."







"I have a healthy
appetite for anything
that's sensually
pleasurable, and I fully
believe in indulging
myself often and well."

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We Are Donyell Marshall

The Cleveland Cavaliers forward talks LeBron James, Steve Nash, and playoff basketball.

By Dave Hollander

When veteran forward Donyell Marshall landed in Cleveland in 2005, he went from solid NBA journeyman to valued cog on a postseason contender—just like that. He joined superstar LeBron James and helped the Cavs make some noise in last year's playoffs, and they're looking to do more damage this year.

Last year the Cavs went to the Eastern Conference semifinals, taking Detroit to seven games. What did you learn as a team?

After we lost to Detroit in the first two games, we could've easily quit and lost 4-0, and people would've said that's okay—we were expected to lose that way. But we took it to seven. We found out a lot about our inner selves. We found out that we can play with anybody.

Are this year's Cavaliers better than last year's?

I definitely think we are a better team. It's another year together under our belts. Last year the whole objective was just to make the playoffs and see how far we could get. Now we feel that we can go deep into the playoffs. I think the main thing is, we're more confident.

Free throws were a problem for every team in last year's playoffs. Why don't teams take that skill more seriously?

A lot of people think free throw and they walk up there and don't concentrate. But it's not that easy. You're up there alone, and you've got 20,000 people staring down at you. And depending on what time of the game it is, it could be very important. It's not that people don't take it

seriously; it's just that they're not mentally focused at that point in time.

Which team has improved the most for a 2007 playoff run?

The Washington Wizards. I'm sure they think they should have beaten us in 2006. Just like we feel we should have beaten Detroit. Orlando went on a big run at the end of last season and fell short. People forget that. Dallas has gotten better and smarter. They were up 2-0 on Miami and feel they should've won a championship. And definitely look at Phoenix. Those four teams improved the most.

Speaking of Phoenix, is Steve Nash the legit MVP of the league?

You just look at what he's done with every team he's been on and what he's continuing to do. Phoenix doesn't have a dominant center and it doesn't have dominant players, but the way Steve Nash handles the team makes them so much better. That guy knows which play to call at which time. He knows how to run the offense and how to play on defense. You sit back and watch what he does to make that team better, and there is just no doubt as to why he is the MVP.

Do regular-season records matter in the playoffs?

Once you get to the playoffs, you start all over again. Understand that it's a seven-game series. By the time you get to Games 3 and 4, you know everything that the other team can do—everything. Last year, we played Detroit four times in the regular season. By Game 4 in the playoffs, we knew which shot each player would take, where he was going to be on defense, and what



On King James

Marshall sheds light on his superstar teammate, LeBron James.

HAS LEBRON JAMES IMPACTED THE NBA AS MUCH AS PEOPLE THOUGHT HE WOULD? I think so, because if you look around, kids love him everywhere. A lot of people are used to dealing with superstars who are arrogant. But I've never been with a superstar who's more down-to-earth. You look at his Nike commercials, that's how he really acts.

DO HIS NIKE COMMERCIALS MAKE ANY SENSE TO YOU? They're just trying to show his personality—

the different sides of him. He is a basketball player, but behind closed doors he is funny, nice, and sometimes he does act old. He's 22 and he's a kid. But he swears he's smooth. If you ask him, he'll say he's the flyest dude on the team.

DO YOU CALL HIM "KING" IN THE LOCKER ROOM? Hell, no! He's just another player to us. He's gonna carry us and he's our superstar, but we're not going to put him up on a pedestal.

WHAT SETS LEBRON APART FROM OTHER HIGH SCHOOLERS WHO'VE JUMPED TO THE NBA? He really understands the game. When I came into the NBA, he was eight years old. But he remembers stuff I did in college—when he was six. He's brought up things I did in college that I've forgotten about. It just shows you how long he's been studying the game and how hard he's been working on it. He's definitely a student of the game.

"LEBRON SWEARS HE'S SMOOTH. ASK HIM. HE'LL SAY HE'S THE FLYEST DUDE ON THE TEAM."

time he was going to wake up in the morning. When you know somebody like that, it's easy to upset teams.

In the East, does Chris Webber tilt the scales for the Pistons?

Ben Wallace was a great player—four-time defensive player of the year. But Chris makes other teams respect them more on offense. People say they got weak on defense. But that team has played together for so long, they know how to talk and help each other out.

Whatever happens in the playoffs—with Scot Pollard's mohawk, Zydrunas Ilgauskas's Moses beard, Anderson Varejao's Afro, and you—is Cleveland the NBA's "All-Hair" team?

It's funny—since I've been in Cleveland I've had four or five different hair-styles. Scot's crazy. He's liable to do anything. Then you have Andy, and Drew Gooden has the patch in the back of his head. We do have a unique hairstyle team.

There is a frequent commenter on the sports blog Deadspin named "We Are Donyell Marshall." What's his deal?

Who's that? I've never heard of it. I couldn't even tell you what you're talking about.

Maybe you've noticed that SLAM online has you "separated at birth" with Bubbles the junkie on *The Wire*. What the hell?

I've only seen *The Wire* a handful of times. So I don't even know what the guy looks like. But I know that when I have my hair braided, I'm often compared to Ludacris. So I guess I'd rather take the comparison to Ludacris than to a junkie.

Light My Fire

Female sex enhancers promise to make even frigid women hot to trot. But do they really work? By Laura Leu

Of course when Viagra was introduced to the flaccid public in 1998, men were ecstatic about the newfound erections popping up in their sex lives. Limp dicks were suddenly rock hard, grandpas were fucking like teenagers—even Bob Dole could get it up. Women, unfortunately, were left in the dust—their low libidos ignored, their orgasm challenges pushed aside. Ten years later, pharmaceutical companies have taken notice, and with a trip to the drugstore, so will you. Lining the shelves are all kinds of creams, pills, and gels promising explosive orgasms, increased desire, and better sex—promises that seem too good to be true. Can one little bottle of female sex enhancer really accomplish what man has sought for centuries? It seems doubtful, but for the good of everyone, we rounded up some girlfriends and tested products to figure out which ones are bogus and which ones might make her want to do you all night long.

HOT PLANTS FOR HER

\$24, Hot-Plants.com

Nothing says *natural* like a woman with a big ol' bush, so the graphic on the Hot Plants bottle (a bouquet of flowers blooming out of a lady crotch) seems fitting for an all-natural herbal sex supplement. The capsules were developed by "medicine hunter" Chris Kilham, a Steve Irwin-Dr. Quinn hybrid who travels the world in search of plants that could serve medicinal purposes. Hot Plants contains natural agents that Kilham claims will "enhance sexual experience, sensitivity, and make sex more urgent." And her orgasms will be "like Chinese New Year fireworks." But hopefully, they'll come more than once a year.

Key Ingredient: maca

Maca is a Peruvian plant that is believed to increase strength, energy, stamina, libido, and sexual function. Inca warriors first used it to get beefed up before battle. But today, maca is often consumed for its sex-enhancing properties and has been dubbed "Peru's natural Viagra." In animal studies, rats and mice with maca in their diets had increased sexual activity and stamina.

Results: After popping two pills a day for four days, the tester began feeling some effects, most notably increased sexual desire. "I was definitely more horny," she said. "Even my lazy boyfriend noticed, and he never notices anything." Perhaps he had an inkling after she pushed him onto the kitchen table and pounced on him. "We never do it anywhere besides the

bed, but after dinner one night, I had to have him right then and there." As for orgasmic fireworks, however, the tester said Hot Plants delivered a dud and was not able to make her orgasm bomb go off. **One woman's take:** Hot Plants may make her libido blossom, but it does little to help her get off.

VIGORELLE

\$60, Vigorelle.com

Vigorelle is chock-full of botanical extracts like damiana, and therapeutic nutrients that supposedly provide "powerful sexual sensations through an innovative transdermal delivery system." (It's a sex lotion for her twat.) The excessive capitalization and exclamation points on Vigorelle's Website give it that pushy used-car-salesman feel. But Vigorelle does "GUARANTEE she'll have greater pleasure and satisfaction as well as long-term overall greater eagerness for sex! OR YOU GET 100% OF YOUR MONEY BACK!" It's even endorsed by two doctors, but they also promote penile-enlargement programs.

Key Ingredient: damiana extract

Damiana is a shrub native to Central and South America, where locals use the leaves in tea for their aphrodisiac effects or smoke them to relax. It's also used in herbal meds to treat a host of problems, including PMS, Parkinson's, impotence, frigidity, and low estrogen levels.

Results: Vigorelle has a pleasant odor and the cream is very light and nongreasy to the touch, according to the tester, who noted that "it basically smells and feels like a normal hand lotion." When massaged thoroughly onto the clitoris as directed, she experienced increased arousal—to which she responded, "Well, no

Seven Signs Your Woman Needs a Sex Enhancer

1 She thinks fellatio is a type of pasta.

2 She uses her back massager to massage her back.

3 Your balls are so blue, your nickname is Papa Smurf.

4 Her idea of a threesome is taking Ben & Jerry to bed with her.

5 She shaved ~~DO NOT ENTER~~ into her pubic hair.

6 To her, "doggie-style" is dressing her pooch in Versace.

7 You're jealous of her tampons.



"I WAS
DEFINITELY
MORE
HORNY.... EVEN
MY LAZY
BOYFRIEND
NOTICED!"

fucking shit! Of course there's going to be increased arousal—I was *thoroughly massaging my clitoris!* Other than that, the tester experienced no tingling, warming, or bonus orgasms. **One woman's take:** The only sensations she'll experience will be manually induced—no Vigorelle needed.

VASORECT ULTRA

\$40, RealHealthLabs.com

Forget about showering your lady with flowers, because the way to a woman's poontang is through VasoRect—at least, according to its makers. (“A natural way to ignite the passion, romance, and intimacy in your relationship,” brags the Website.) So just convince your woman to pop six VasoRect capsules a day for a month and she'll be ready to roll. Specifically, VasoRect claims to enhance lubrication, sensitivity, and desire, plus give her more energy so she just might take you into overtime.

Key Ingredient: L-arginine

L-arginine is an amino acid found in a variety of foods (chocolate, nuts, and pork, to name a few). It does lots of helpful things for the body, like aid in cell division, remove ammonia, and release hormones—the sexy kind! It's also been reported to improve erectile dysfunction.

Results: “I was constantly wet,” said one tester, noticing her enhanced lubrication after just a week's worth of pills. “I'm usually too dry for sex when I'm tired or after I've smoked a joint, but these pills kept me lubed up all the time.” As a result, she had a hard time keeping away her boyfriend, who noticed her slipperiness and got laid twice as much as he normally did. The downside of the 'Rect? “Taking six pills a day was too much of a commitment. I mean, it's not like it was trying to cure a disease or anything.”

One woman's take: As long as she doesn't mind becoming a pill-popper, you'll be able to climb on and ride her like a Slip 'N Slide.

ZESTRA

\$25, Zestra.com

Zestra Feminine Arousal Fluid is one of the few over-the-counter sex enhancers that *isn't* asterisked with a small-print disclaimer that her vagina might fall off because the meds haven't been evaluated by the FDA. All of Zestra's ingredients are on the FDA's Generally Recognized as Safe list, and the makers claim that physicians, sex therapists, and pharmacists are recommending the gel for its effectiveness, ease of use, and safety. Each box contains nine foil packets of goo that are massaged onto the external genitalia before intercourse to enhance sexual sensation, clitoral and vaginal warmth, arousal, pleasure, and satisfaction.

Key Ingredient: Angelica root

Also known as dong quai, Angelica root is a blooming plant in the parsley family that grows in moist areas,

which is apropos, considering it claims to treat vaginal dryness. In traditional Chinese medicine, it gets tossed into many herbal products to alleviate menstrual cramps, strengthen reproductive organs, and promote blood circulation.

Results: Maybe one day there will be a federal agency that approves a product's ability to get you off. In any event, Zestra did not deliver on its claims. Our guinea pig reported that it made her pink parts a little warm, but the only enhanced sensations were of the olfactory variety. “It smelled like a mixture of leftovers and my grandma's house,” she said. And despite Zestra's claims that it's “edible and safe to ingest,” the tester noted that her partner's lips got so “tingly and numb” during oral sex that he had to stop.

One woman's take: Zestra will make her below-the-belt area hot and tingly, and also smell like day-old meatloaf.

LIONESS

\$24, Drugstore.com

Lioness scores points for its name, since it's the only product that doesn't sound like a female cyborg from a sci-fi movie. Still, it *is* scientifically formulated to grease the horny wheels of (human) women who have experienced a loss of interest in sex or are having problems becoming aroused. By popping two pills a day and two additional pills two hours before sexual activity, Lioness claims your libido pops a boner and your ability to get off is on.

Key Ingredient: catuaba bark

Catuaba is derived from a Brazilian tree that belongs to the same family as cocaine producers. Though it's legal, the bark stimulates the central nervous system and is believed to enhance sexual function. One study indicated that catuaba extract can fight off lethal bacterial infections and HIV infection in mice.

Results: Our guinea pig-turned-lioness reported her findings to be subpar. She had no increase in desire or arousal, and her orgasms totaled a big fat zero. “The big problem with Lioness—besides the fact that it did abso-fucking-lutely nothing for my libido—is that you have to take it two hours before sexual activity,” she said. “Most people don't schedule their sex lives. I know I don't plan out when I'm going to get laid.” **One woman's take:** Don't expect wild jungle sex when she takes Lioness.



Too Turned On

Persistent Sexual Arousal Syndrome (PSAS) sounds like the disease of your dreams. After all, women with the disorder experience spontaneous and persistent genital arousal without any sexual desire to provoke it. In theory, a woman with PSAS can have an orgasm while her man is watching football with his hands down his pants and his face sprinkled with orange dust from the Cheetos he just ate. Sounds great, right? In reality, it isn't quite so sweet. Sex

does little to alleviate her arousal, and the symptoms, which may persist for weeks, can be so debilitating and embarrassing that many sufferers do not seek medical help. In some cases the condition depletes her energy, making it difficult to work. In severe cases, women find the constant arousal so tormenting that they feel suicidal. So the next time your woman says she's not in the mood for sex, be grateful.



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The Pastime is a Pimp

Baseball has been abusing its fans for years.
Why do you put up with it?

By John Bolster

Near the end of the Hughes Brothers documentary *American Pimp*, there's a big reveal: What percentage of their earnings do pimps allow their prostitutes to keep? Watching the film, I made a rough guess of 15 percent—sort of an agent in reverse.

Call me naive, but I was surprised when every pimp in the film answered: zero. Nothing. You might be surprised, appalled even—unless you're a baseball fan. Because if you're a fan, Major League Baseball has been treating you like a ho for more than a decade.

It's time you admitted it. When are you going to stop making excuses for the game? Ask yourself, what are you getting out of this relationship? You give it your money, your loyalty, and your precious leisure time, and what do you get in return? You support your favorite team, but players get traded so often, your favorite team pretty much has a brand-new lineup every spring. As they said on *Seinfeld*, you're not rooting for a team, "you're rooting for laundry." You say you still love the game, but considering how MLB has warped it, does the game you fell in love with still exist?

Not really. Not since the labor strife of 1994. That was the work stoppage that canceled the World Series so the millionaire players could squabble with the billionaire owners over their share of the trillions in revenue. Then came the power explosion of the late 1990s that revived the game. Of course, this sad chapter only made false heroes of Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa, damaged the integrity of the sport, threatened the health of the players, and made the game's most exciting play, the home run, a permanently devalued currency. When I was a kid, 30 homers meant you were a slugger. Now, well, what does it mean exactly? The steroid scandal tipped baseball off its axis,

and all the while, money ruled the game like a fascist dictator. Salaries continued to skyrocket, players swapped teams like worn-out batting gloves, and small-market franchises knew they were essentially eliminated from the title chase on opening day.

The situation has only deteriorated. Recently, Major League Baseball has been running "virtual billboard" ads on the wall behind home plate. They drop a sponsor's name in that spot, which makes it not just visible to the TV audience on every pitch, but unavoidable. Frequently that sponsor's name is Viagra, which is a perfect metaphor for the current state of baseball—a drowsy, flaccid oldster that needs to be juiced with pharmaceuticals to deliver excitement. There are too many teams and way too many games. Who wants to see Kansas City play Tampa Bay when both teams are 25 games out of first? I'd rather while away the afternoon in the Tampa Greyhound station.

The league needs to goose up its product, but it continues to treat its core audience like doormats, asking you to give more and more. When Minnesota Twins owner Carl Pohlad wanted a new stadium to replace the unfriendly confines of the Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome, did he tap into the billions he's earned in his career as a bank tycoon? Just barely; instead he hit up *you*, the working people of Hennepin County. And it worked: After a decade of lobbying, in 2007 Pohlad secured public funds for a new stadium. When he sells the naming rights, Pohlad will make money on the deal. Twins fans will be left with a money-losing stadium that'll be outdated faster than the first iPhone.

Then came last year's transcendent flourish of major-league arrogance: They announced they wanted to charge fantasy-baseball fans for the stats from baseball games. For the stats! You know, the numbers and information you can get by *watching the games*, or from any sports page in the country? Yeah, baseball *owns* those, okay, bitch? Now pay up.

Still, you can't take the hint. Total attendance at major-league games inched up by 2.1 percent in 2006 compared to 2005. And what of those games? Any of you baseball fans who call sports like soccer or hockey boring are living in the most fragile of glass houses. Between all the tobacco spitting, crotch adjusting, hat tweaking, and sign checking, baseball games creep along for an eternity under the summer sun.

Are these men really worthy of your adulation? Former Phillies first baseman John Kruk famously told a fan who scolded him for smoking, "Lady, I'm not an athlete. I'm a baseball player." Kruk nailed it. NFL kickers get more exercise than these guys, and they're still raking it in. The Mets signed reliever Scott Schoeneweis (5.01 career E.R.A.) this past off-season, giving him a three-year deal for \$10.8 million. Based on his 51.2 innings pitched in 2006, this works out to \$70,500 per inning—more than most of the people in the stands make in a year. Would this be cost-effective in any other business on the planet?

Hard to imagine that it would be, but baseball's gotten away with it for years now, because you, the average fan, make it possible. You call it your national pastime, but the game has turned you out. You're working for baseball now. What are you getting in return?

Baby, I Got Your Money

1996 League Average

Fan Cost Index: \$103.07

Total attendance: 60,097,381

2006 League Average

Fan Cost Index: \$174.19

Total attendance: 76,043,902

As the Team Marketing Report's Fan Cost Index (which includes two adult tickets; two children's tickets; four small soft drinks; two small beers; four hot dogs; two programs; parking; and two adult-size caps) shows, taking someone out

to the old ball game gets pricier every year. Yet somehow overall attendance has increased in lockstep, proving that fans just love getting hosed by Major League Baseball.



SOMETHING'S
WRONG WHEN
MIDDLE RELIEVERS
ARE MAKING \$70,500
PER *INNING*.

Chuck Palahniuk's *Surreal Life*

Rule No. 1: Do talk about your new book.
Rule No. 2: If you're writing a book about a group of guys who crash their cars for fun, by all means go out and wreck some cars.

By J. Rentilly

In *Fight Club*, Chuck Palahniuk created a fascinating subculture in which men were ready, willing, and able to kick the crap out of each other. *Rant: An Oral History of Buster Casey* takes readers on an equally engaging journey into the similar world of Party Crashing, an urban demolition derby in which guys beat on each other's cars. As part of his research in Portland, Oregon, the novelist got into a few deliberate fender benders: "I went out with people who are a part of that subculture. And yeah, we crashed some cars." Despite the real-life inspiration, Palahniuk's new book takes place in a surrealistic world in which Buster "Rant" Casey may or may not be a serial killer, werewolf, time traveler, or folk hero. You won't know who or what to believe, but you're sure to enjoy the ride.

In *Rant*, Buster Casey's story is told in the voices of dozens of friends and acquaintances. Why make it an oral history?

Part of the work of every novel is finding the best structure. Ideally, for me, it's some type of nonfiction structure, because it lends credibility to really incredible stories. *Citizen Kane* was such a melodramatic, over-the-top story, but in the context of a newsreel, it was lent a real gravitas and reality. *The Blair Witch Project*, the radio version of *War of the Worlds*—same thing. *Fargo* was originally marketed as a true story, and a Japanese woman ended up freezing to death while looking for the movie's hidden money. If you can find a nonfiction structure, then you can tell a really wild story and people will believe it.

But you've said you can't make up anything better than truth.

In fact, more often than not you have to water down the truth, and that's the really frustrating part. It's breathtaking, the lives people live, the stories they experience. In a way, 80 years of television have made us so accustomed to tepid, debased narratives that we no longer recognize the incredible, wonderful extremes of human experience. We think that if life is not just like a Julia Roberts movie, then it couldn't be true.

What was the impetus for *Rant*?

So many members of my family have died in the last several years. [Editor's note: Palahniuk's father and his father's girlfriend were killed and cremated by the woman's jealous ex in 1999. Then, in rapid succession, all of Palahniuk's grandparents died of natural

causes.] I'd been feeling this enormous nostalgia for a time I can never get back to. So much of *Rant* is a fictionalized version of my childhood. It really helps to pick apart those memories in as detailed a fashion as possible, to exhaust yourself of those things. Then you can let go of the warped remembrances of what was.

You started out as a journalist 20 years ago, in relative anonymity. How is doing field research different for you today?

Before, I was just an extra person who helped validate everybody. Now I think people want to include me because I'm a way to get their lives documented. Everybody would like to see their story preserved somehow.

A couple years back, you said you were looking to write a book that could make grown men cry. Is *Rant* that book?

The really weepy one is *Snuff*. *Rant* is the first of three books that will deal with the same characters and the same elements, but in between each one there will be a short book. So next year, there will be a short one about shooting a pornographic movie, and it's, uh, called *Snuff*. So it probably doesn't have a happy ending. The ending is very much like *A Tale of Two Cities*.

You've said about your fiction that "every book has got some point where I just go too far." When have you gone too far?

In *Fight Club*, where Marla says she wants to be pregnant just so she can have an abortion. In *Rant*, I think it's the "priapism in high school" part. [Editor's note: The main character uses his chronic erections as an excuse for early dismissal.] I wasn't really sure how that could work. I took that part to my workshop, which is predominantly women right now, and they just roared. Anything to do with penises and these women laugh. Those constant erections are a nightmare that no one has any sympathy for.

Your books are often prophetic. Soon after 1999's *Survivor*, we had planes going places they shouldn't, and shortly after 2002's *Lullaby*, we had dead birds falling from the sky.

On one level, it might be because I do a lot of fieldwork. But a friend of mine who is sort of psychic tells me it's because when I was three years old, I had surgery for tuberculosis and I actually died on the operating table. My friend says that while I was dead, I renegotiated my life contract and came back so I could do this. That's how she explains everything I've done in the last ten years.


How do you explain what you do?

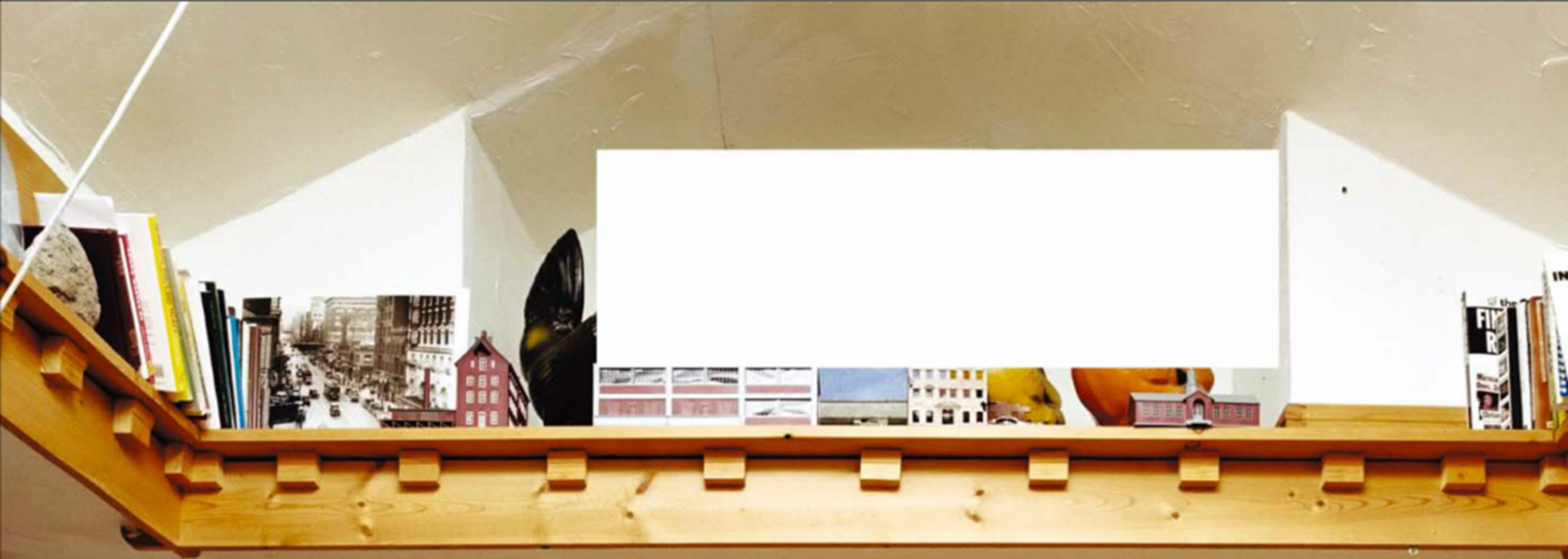
I am absolutely in love with the anthropologist Victor Turner. His descriptions of liminoid spaces—short-lived places we go where everyone is equal and we can all be involved in experiments to invent a new social model, whether it's Burning Man, Rainbow Family, Fight Club, or Jesus out in the desert with a whole bunch of people—are really the heart and soul of every book I've written. There are times when we step outside our regular lives to interact with other people. It's in those times that a new world can emerge. Those are things I'm really fascinated by, and the thing that's got me really interested in science fiction: inventing and reinventing different social models. It's everything I've ever written.

You've said writing keeps you from taking a baseball bat to someone's windshield. That penning *Lullaby*, for example, was key to processing your father's murder. Is that still the case?

Always. That's the big rule of dangerous writing. You take the paycheck up front because if you do that honestly and unflinchingly, there's no guarantee it's going to sell. By the time it's done, you've so exhausted your emotional reaction to your personal issue that the issue just disappears—at least it does for me.

Are you really a dangerous guy?

If I don't exhaust myself in that way through writing, I'm just a bastard. Such a bastard. So I, uh, I write a lot. 



"IF I DON'T EXHAUST MYSELF
THROUGH WRITING, I'M
JUST A BASTARD. *SUCH* A
BASTARD. SO I WRITE A LOT."



PALAHNIUK RETIRES TO A SMALL BUILDING ON HIS
PACIFIC-NORTHWEST PROPERTY TO WRITE,
AND HE'S OBVIOUSLY PREPARED TO ENTERTAIN
HIMSELF IF HE GETS WRITER'S BLOCK.

The Fakebook

How to seem like a better person without actually doing anything

By Amir Blumenfeld, Ethan Trex, and Neel Shah
Photograph by Nick Ferrari

Vol. II

He works hard for the money, but that certainly doesn't mean you have to. Successfully faking it at work can significantly increase your quality of life: Nothing's more satisfying than taking a nap under your desk while everyone else fiddles with spreadsheets or completes the organ-transplant surgery you were supposed to do.

TALKING LIKE YOU'VE GOT AN MBA

In the business world, everyone aspires to attend a top-flight university to get their MBA (master of business administration), a degree that will enable them to earn thousands of dollars more a year. However, it's a pretty well-known fact that students don't really learn anything useful while working toward their MBA. Instead, they have their common sense reinforced, attend numerous happy hours sponsored by large corporations, and, most important, memorize meaningless jargon. You can always pick out an MBA in a meeting; she's the one talking about "synergizing the value chain." At first, you'll be intimidated by these big words. Then you'll realize they're absolutely inane and

utterly meaningless. Instead of spending more than a hundred grand on a Kellogg MBA, just learn these stupid buzzwords and ride the jargon rocket to the top of the corporate ladder.

Best practices Because *the best way of doing something* doesn't sound technical enough.

Core competencies What a company is good at doing. *Strengths* really doesn't sound like something you'd pay some idiot \$130,000 a year to know about.

Deliverable Something tangible you can turn in at the end of an assignment or project. Remember college? You didn't turn in homework—you created deliverables.

Incentivize Offering someone a tangible reason to do something. And you thought *incentive* couldn't be turned into a verb!

Low-hanging fruit An easy opportunity that will likely be gobbled up by competitors quickly. Think of a dwarf trying to get a peach off a tree.

Saint John's University

The Trustees of Saint John's University, New York
on the recommendation of the Faculty of
The Peter J. Tobin College of Business
have conferred upon

Connor Daley

the degree of
Master of Business Administration
together with all honors, rights and privileges
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In Witness Whereof we have hereunto subscribed
affixed the Seal of the University,
this second day of June, two thousand and



[Signature]
Secretary



Alison
4-5307



LEARN THESE STUPID BUZZWORDS AND RIDE THE JARGON ROCKET TO THE TOP OF THE CORPORATE LADDER.

Mission-critical MBAs like to sound like astronauts from the 1970s. Basically, this means that something is crucial to the success of a project.

Online In the MBA sense, *online* means that a venture or project has been functionally integrated into the rest of the organization.

Paradigm Possibly the worst MBA word of them all. Basically, it means an analytic framework through which a problem is viewed. When paradigms *shift*, it means the prevailing thinking on a subject has changed.

Rollout The process of introducing a new product to the market. Like a *launch*, but important-sounding.

Supply chain Links through which the individual parts of a product are delivered to its final manufacturer and then into the hands of consumers.

SWOT Analysis of a business or venture on the basis of its strengths, weaknesses, opportunities, and threats. This basically codifies the way any rational person would look at any decision.

Synergy Another MBA favorite, this describes the phenomenon when two things come together and are better than the sum of their parts. Peanut butter and jelly is one good example of synergy. Sex is an even better one.

Value added This is a great, useless term for anything that makes

an existing product or service better. "Make better-er" was deemed too much of "not really a word" to be used in its stead.

EXPLAINING TO YOUR BOSS THAT YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANY WORK

The key to doing nothing at your job is to always preface inactivity with one hour of hard work. In one hour you can probably get an entire day's worth of work done. If your boss notices you haven't done anything in seven hours, just show him what you worked on and tell him that he doesn't want a rush job on something this important. As long as you have something tangible to show for your previous efforts, he won't think you're lazy, just slow. He'll understand, and you can go back to playing online poker. Don't let anyone tell you that trying to draw to an inside straight on the river isn't work, baby. They don't understand the highs and lows!

If doing an hour's worth of work is even too much for you, you can always tell the boss that he caught you in a moment of contemplation. "Sorry, I'm just thinking exactly how I need to attack this. I need to organize my thoughts before I put them on paper." If he tells you that doesn't make sense because you work at a Baskin-Robbins, he's got a good point. Feel free to let him fire you; you need a better job anyway. Take some Jamoca Almond Fudge for the road, and start sending out your cover letter.

JOBS THAT PAY WELL WHILE REQUIRING NO EDUCATION


So you can scrape together a couple hundred bucks every now and then, but odds are you're more concerned about getting a real job. However, you dropped out of college or, even worse, spent four years getting an English degree. Now, instead of being broke, you're hundreds of thousands of dollars away from being broke.

Not all is lost, though, because you don't need a college degree to land a high-paying job. Some lines of work don't even trust colleges and spend a couple of months or years training you to do their job. Sounds annoying, right? Well, it is. That's why they pay a good amount of money to the people who actually complete their training. Here are some great examples.

Air-traffic controller After a rigorous training program that can last as few as six months, you can become an air-traffic controller. This is one of the highest-paying jobs in America because the work is considered extremely stressful. But for a salary of more than \$100,000 a year, you can budget at least \$100 for a year's supply of stress balls.

Bartender Bartenders don't get paid much hourly, but if you're at a relatively popular place, you can make a great deal of money in tips. (We believe the scientific term is a *shitload*.) Bartending schools aren't difficult to get into and they're not very expensive. Besides, free booze means you're also cutting your most costly expense.

Real-estate broker You know what separates you from people who can sell houses? A real-estate license. Agents work on commission, but lucky for you, houses are expensive.

Professional roulette player You don't need a "degree" to be lucky. The great thing about roulette is that over time, you simply cannot lose. Especially when you know the extra-lucky numbers: 1, 9, 23, 25, 34, 36! 

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Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

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*See Reader's Note for details.



Ask The Expert

"HUNG" JURY?

SEX: How To Improve. Increase. ENJOY.



Q: Dear Steffanie,

For the past year, I've been having some confidence issues. It's really dragging me and my relationship with my wife down. I wanted to try some pills I heard about but I found out they can take 3 or more months to work. In your judgment, does anything work faster or better?

Jason M.
Manhattan Beach, CA

A: Well Jason,

The verdict is in and I just happen to have the perfect answer to boost you and your confidence, while giving your wife the time of her life ... repeatedly!

For months my fiancé was feeling the exact same way you were and then, one night, we had the most phenomenal sex, EVER. I had never seen him more excited and powerful. He took control right from the start and the feelings we shared together were

totally mind-blowing. And, here's the best part, every time since that night, he just keeps getting better and better. It's amazing! I can't get enough of him now!

Finally, the other day, my curiosity took over. I had to know what brought about this drastic change. So, I asked him. To my shock, he handed me a tube of Maxoderm. I just couldn't believe this product Maxoderm was actually making him feel fuller, harder, and way more vigorous. I did a little research and was surprised by what I found.

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effectively reaches the desired area directly upon application, maximizing absorption, resulting in a performance to be proud of each and every time. I'm a huge (and grateful) fan of Maxoderm. And trust me, I *know* my fiancé is too!

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Steffanie Seaver

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*see Reader's Note



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Randy Andie

A few months ago, friends told Andie Valentino she was "one hot tamale" who should ditch her boyshorts and T-shirts to pose for Penthouse. After she stopped laughing, she hopped a plane to L.A. and shed the tomboy look for good.

Photographs by Misha







"I loved doing this shoot!
The photographer
made me feel like a
million bucks, and
at the end I didn't
want to leave!"



"This was such a fun break from school. I'm studying to be an EMT, and I love it, but that never makes me feel beautiful and sexy."



"My favorite fantasy is being stranded on a desert island that just happens to be populated by hot guys who cater to my every whim."



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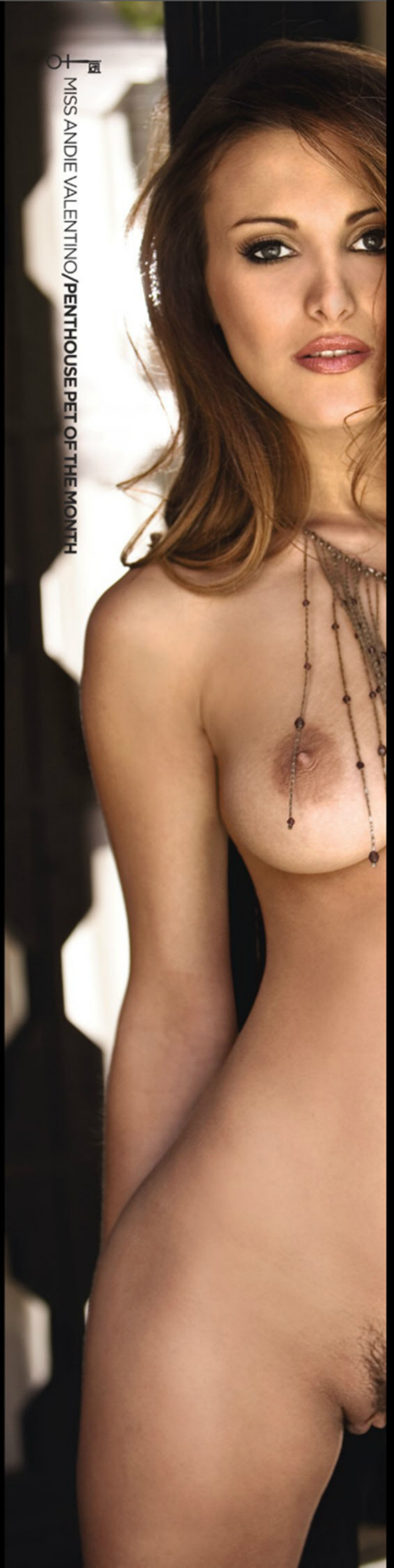


MISS ANDIE VALENTINO/**PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH**



MISS ANDIE VALENTINO/**PENTHOUSE** PET OF THE MONTH

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Hauling Ass

Volvo has a reputation for reliability and safety, but you can stuff more in their wagons than just cargo.

Jettas lack legroom. Jeeps are spacious, but unless you're an exhibitionist, getting it on in the storage area won't fly. Thus, neither car made it onto the list of one British insurance company's survey of the top 20 cars to fornicate in. (They're pioneers of market research.) The VW Camper van, BMW 3-Series Saloon, Ford Escort, and the unfortunately named Mercedes-Benz

Sprinter all scored high marks, but Volvo's Estate station wagon came out on top. Surprised? Volvo doesn't seem to be. According to a company spokesperson, "We've always been known for safe cars and huge cargo space. Guess that's why a friend likened the interior to a W Hotel.... Funny, he never went into detail. In any case, with safe wagons, we trust that those who utilize our spacious interior practice safe sex. We don't recommend that anyone ride—or be ridden—in the cargo area when the vehicle is in motion. Unless that motion is up and down."

GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING

We think this underwear ad is hot, but British Muslims weren't thrilled when racy lingerie company Sloggi pasted it on billboards close to two mosques. Other Sloggi ads had caused controversy in the past, raising the question of how a company can effectively advertise G-strings without causing offense. But after complaints were filed with England's Advertising Standards Authority, Sloggi removed the ads—not because the campaign might upset the Muslim community, but because, as the company explained, "the nakedness shown in the poster could cause serious offense to Muslims if placed near a mosque." The mullahs have been appeased, but now Christian ad watchdogs are up in arms, claiming that their complaints have long gone ignored and the Muslim community is receiving preferential treatment.



CANDID CAMERA

Remember how your mom made you wear clean underwear just in case you got in an accident and had to be publicly pantsed? If you're traveling in Britain soon, you may need more than clean underwear to preserve your dignity. The government is considering a plan to install X-ray cameras in public "furniture" like street lamps in an effort to detect illegal weapons and explosives on passersby. But these scanning devices are *slightly* more intrusive than your average metal detector. According to a leaked memo, "Privacy is an issue because the machines see through clothing." Another, perhaps even more frightening part of the same plan would allow British police to build a database of everyone in the country—complete with 3-D photos, cellphone records, and travel documents so the government can track its residents. They'll also know who's going commando.

THEY SAID IT

"THE BEST WAY TO GET TO KNOW PEOPLE IS BY HAVING SEX WITH THEM OR WORKING WITH THEM."
—CATE BLANCHETT





PHOTOGRAPHS BY ("CANDID CAMERA") REUTERS/JOE SKIPPER, (CATE BLANCHETT) GETTY IMAGES, (SILVIO BERLUSCONI) A.P.

DEFINITION

PORNADO

\ˈpɒ(ə)r-n-ād-(,)ō\ n

The cyclone created when you click on one porn site and countless others pop up on your monitor at a faster rate than you can close them. We've noticed this always seems to happen at the most inappropriate moments, like when your family pops by to see those photos of your camping trip.

Source: An episode of *Bones* called "The Girl in the Gator"



THE LAST CASANOVA

Are the days of playboy politicians coming to a close? We fear they could be gone for good. JFK and Bill Clinton were famous for their straying eyes, as was former Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi. That is, until recently, when this womanizer was forced to publicly apologize to his wife, Veronica Lario, for his public passions. Here are ten classic Berlusconi gaffes that may signal the end of a skirt-chasing era.

1 JANUARY 2007

Berlusconi brazenly flirts with two young beauties at an awards dinner. He tells one woman, "I would go with you anywhere," and says to ex-showgirl Mara Carfagna, a deputy in his Forza Italia party, "If I weren't married, I would marry you."

2 APRIL 2006

After Carfagna is sworn into parliament, the PM jokes that he believes in the "right of the first night"—the privilege of a medieval lord to devirginize peasant brides.

3 APRIL 2006

Berlusconi admits to calling sex chat lines to ask the girls what they think of his policies. He then tells staffers at a party meeting, "Seven out of the nine young ladies I called said they preferred me [to my opponent]."

4 2006

He opens a political rally by openly admiring the legs of the women in the front row.

5 JANUARY 2006

At a campaign rally, Berlusconi vows to abstain from sex until after the April election. He later admits he was joking.

6 JUNE 2005

Before Italy is named the new host of the European Food Safety Authority, Berlusconi tells dignitaries that he used "all [his] playboy skills" to persuade the Finnish president to abandon her country's bid to host the agency.

7 SEPTEMBER 2003

He tells foreign businessmen to invest in Italy because "we have beautiful secretaries."

8 SUMMER 2002

The paparazzi snap a photo of Berlusconi relaxing in his Sardinian villa with his gorgeous blonde 21-year-old personal assistant.

9 1994

In an apparent attempt to publicly prove his devotion to his wife, Berlusconi tells the press he sends her flowers every day. Lario denies this and suggests that someone else must have been receiving them.

10 1981

After seeing Lario perform topless in a play, he begins an adulterous affair with the actress, who is 20 years his junior. He eventually divorces his wife to marry her.

Reporting by Rebecca Swanner, Heather Cohen, Raegan Johnson, and Mary Beth Quirk

Stealing the

Confessions of a comedy kleptomaniac
By Jeff Nichols

I put my comedy career out of its misery after a 2006 gig at the Catch a Rising Star club on the outskirts of Princeton, New Jersey. It was a Saturday night with a packed house, and they were ready to laugh. If you can't kill on a Saturday night, you should get out of the business. I opened my act with a lot of "stock" stuff, asking the audience if anyone was actually from Princeton, knowing full well that comedy clubs are too lowbrow for Princeton types. When no one raised a hand, I hit them with the old: "Great, then we can talk about those motherfuckers!" (Huge laugh.) After some more lame crowd work, I started in with a bit I stole from Jay Mohr about how when a girl throws up from drinking too much, she always has about ten friends helping her. I did that bit for about two minutes. And when I say I stole the bit, I mean *word for fucking word*. I did not change around some phrases and claim it was mine, like a lot of comics do today. I stole the bit flat-out.

Jay's jokes got an applause break (thanks, Jay), and then I hit them with an old comic gimmick of pumping the mike stand, pretending it was a keg and the microphone cord was the tap. (They loved it!) I followed that with a couple of stock "joke jokes"—literally along the lines of "two Jews walk into a bar..." The place roared. Buoyed by the energetic house, I decided it was time to throw in one of my own jokes. It was about taking a career-aptitude test and having the results say I would make an "outstanding hunter-gatherer." The audience reacted as if they had been feasting on sweet, wonderful strawberries and then suddenly bit into a rotten piece of Spam. All of the energy

drained out of the room. My performance had taken a severe blow to starboard and began to list. I had to act fast, so I retreated to meat-and-potatoes crowd work. I simply pointed to a guy in the front row and asked if that was his wife sitting next to him. On cue, he looked at her (never fails), and I said, "You have to look to check?" Just like that, I had them back. I launched into another Jay Mohr bit about sharing the soap in the shower (sorry, Jay) and then I wrapped it up.

Walking offstage that night, I didn't feel all that guilty that I'd stolen from Mohr, but I *did* face up to the fact that I essentially had become a "cover comic." It was safer that way. Like a good bar band, I covered the classics. When you go to a wedding, do you want to hear the band play the original crap they came up with in their attic, or do you want them to bang out some evergreens by Buddy Holly, the Supremes, and the Temptations? Easy answer. When I hired new comics for *Laugh, You Lose*, a traveling game show I used to host, I encouraged them to steal. "Why reinvent the wheel?" I'd tell them. "There's plenty of stuff already out there!"

And I wonder why I got a bad reputation.

If you're thinking, *You loser!* right about now, well, I can't say I blame you. But don't kid yourself: I'm not the only one. In fact,



when Mohr was on *Saturday Night Live*, he once snatched an entire bit from New York City comic Rick Shapiro and passed it off as his own. There are literally thousands of stand-up comedians working in the U.S. today, and many of them steal or, more euphemistically, “lift” bits from fellow comics.

Five years ago, I watched in disbelief as Robin Williams went on *The Late Show With David Letterman* and completely ripped off Ray Romano’s bit about technology—about how soon we’ll all have cellphones in our heads and faxes coming out of our asses. Romano had been doing that bit for ten years. It was by no means the first time that Williams has been accused of stealing material.

When Dane Cook debuted on *The Tonight Show*, he

WHEN I SAY I STOLE
THE BIT, I MEAN
WORD FOR
FUCKING WORD.

immediately caught my attention—he seemed cool and charismatic. But when he launched into something about freaky people in the workplace, mentioning a character who had “that stomach-under-the-belt thing going,” my attention intensified for a different reason: I’d heard Patrice O’Neal do the same bit three years earlier.

I was a big Denis Leary fan when I first got into the business. I remember watching him in Boston, laughing hysterically at his act. His jokes about running guru Jim Fixx dying while jogging, and his cracks about how John Lennon was dead but Barry Manilow continued to pump out albums, made me howl. Then I saw footage of the late great Bill Hicks. Hicks had done the same material, almost word for word, that Leary was doing. (Leary went on to have success in film and on TV. Hicks died of cancer before most people knew who he was or what he had to say.) So how could these things happen? I got to know firsthand.

I didn’t start off as a thief. For a while there, it looked like I was on my way to becoming a legitimate stand-up comedian.

Funny Loan



Though I never got a spot on a major TV show like *Letterman* or *The Tonight Show*, I did open for established headliners like Lewis Black, Pat Cooper, and Robert Klein. I was a regular emcee at Stand-Up NY, where I introduced acts like Chris Rock and Robin Williams. And I was starting to get respect from my peers. I'm not bragging—I was a B-level act at best—but I was making headway.

There are many reasons why I failed as a stand-up, chief among them the fact that I was not all that funny. (Clever and witty, perhaps; hit-them-in-the-gut funny, no.) My other shortcomings included an annoying case of mental illness (obsessive-compulsive disorder/paranoia) that manifested itself in bizarre preshow behavior, stammering, and a general discomfort being onstage. Yet all these handicaps were not my undoing. No, what finally drove a stake through my stand-up career was my distorted sense of entitlement—or, simply put, my inability to stop stealing.

Unlike other theatrical venues, the stand-up audience is often distracted, rowdy, and participatory—frequently in a hostile way. So what do you do when the crowd is not digging your stuff? You have several options. You can take the hit and bomb. You can revert to schtick, sophomoric crowd work. Example: When a guy gets up to go to the bathroom, cup the mike and in a deep, announcer-like voice say, "Will all men with small penises please leave the room." Not funny, you say? Guess again: The audience will howl every time, especially if the guy looks pissed off. But that will only get you so far. Your third option is ... to steal.

I frequently went with option three. So frequently, in fact, that it got to the point where I was no longer stealing jokes to supplement my act—stolen jokes *were* my act.

Ironically, when I first started, I was praised for the originality

I HAD ESSENTIALLY
BECOME A "COVER
COMIC." LIKE A GOOD
BAR BAND, I DID
THE CLASSICS.

Few comics are willing to publicly accuse others of stealing material, but Joe Rogan will, and has. He recently called out Carlos Mencia at the Comedy Store in L.A. (You can see it, and Mencia's denial, on Google Video.) We spoke to Rogan—whose stand-up special hits Showtime on April 19—about joke theft, Mencia, and being pussy-whipped.

WHY AREN'T MORE COMICS WILLING TO COME FORWARD ABOUT STEALING?
Well, the reason a lot of comics get into comedy is because they were bullied. And a lot of them are afraid of confrontation. It's scary, you know? It's easier to avoid it, for a lot of comedians. Especially if you're worried the

guy's gonna fuck with your career. Look at this Mencia situation: He can't really hurt my career, he's not gonna hurt me financially, but I still got banned from the Comedy Store and my agent dropped me.

CAN JOKE THEFT BE POLICED?

It's awful that clubs don't care. They make their money selling other people's art, and they don't care if someone's selling stolen art. It's insane. It's like supporting cannibalism.

of my material. And it was unique. Perhaps if I had stayed in New York, things would have ended up differently. But I quickly discovered that on the road, audiences were not into my pithy, neurotic humor. In Biloxi, Mississippi, they want to laugh and they want to laugh hard. But not at my jokes. For example, here's a joke of mine: "My SATs were so low that my entire school district lost funding." Not bad. But Jim Florentine had a joke that went, "I loved the SAT; I did great on that test. It was the only test I ever got a 100 on!" That killed.

When you're on the road, the broader the better. Dave Attell—who is hands down the most prolific comic working today—says, "Write all the jokes you want, but there is nothing funnier than a fat guy falling off a jet ski." But speaking of Attell, I did his egg nog bit ("Do you know what egg nog is? Elf come.") one night in Florida. Why? Because it was better than anything I wrote—not because it fit, or because a lady in the audience had a drink that looked like egg nog, or it "just came out as I was improvising." I did it because it was funnier. I saw Attell one night at Stand-Up NY and told him, "I did your egg nog joke down in Florida and it bombed." "I know," he said, clearly unthreatened by me. "Sometimes that one can be tricky."

One night in New York, I let loose Jim Florentine's SAT bit. The young crowd loved it. I got offstage and looked at the list of



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN DION

HOW DOES A COMIC DECIDE IT'S OKAY TO RIP SOMEONE OFF?

I've heard some really weird rationalizations from people. You know, that jokes are cyclical, and that every joke's been told before—and that's bullshit. But the bottom line is that as comics, we know who the creative people are. We know who is writing original material. And then we know people

who are just copying, because they do it over and over again.

IN YOUR SPECIAL, YOU TALK ABOUT BEING PUSSY-WHIPPED. WHAT'S THE FIRST SIGN?

The first sign is when you shush your friends. When someone goes, "Dude, remember that time we went to Vegas?" And you're like, "*Shut the fuck up about Vegas!* The window's open, she's somewhere in the city, and you're fucking talking about Vegas."

—John Bolster

comics to follow me, and three comics down was Florentine. *Holy shit!* Should I be a man, approach Jim, and tell him what I had done? Or should I hope that he's got new material and no longer does that joke? I let Jim take the stage and kept my fingers crossed....

The SAT bit was his second joke. Not only did the audience not laugh, they booed him. As I ran out of the club, I could hear Jim asking the audience why they didn't like the joke.

Another time I had a brain fart onstage and started to redo a stolen bit that I had just done a few minutes before. Halfway through it, I realized my mistake and asked the crowd, "Did I already do this?" When they collectively yelled "Yes!" I said, "What's funny about that is not that I did the same joke twice, but that it was not my joke to begin with."


But the theft I'm most ashamed of was a bit that rightfully belonged to a comic named Stephanie Bloom. Stephanie was

I WATCHED IN DISBELIEF AS ROBIN WILLIAMS WENT ON *LETTERMAN* AND COMPLETELY RIPPED OFF AN OLD RAY ROMANO BIT.

an open miker/schoolteacher performing in Stand-Up NY's "Funniest Teacher" contest. I had won the contest the year before and had a guest spot on the show. Stephanie's best joke was this: "The games the kids play today have all changed since we were kids. We used to play 'red light, green light'; today they play 'Freeze, motherfucker!'" I went up to Stephanie after the show, complimented her, and encouraged her to keep performing.

A few weeks later, I was at the Funny Bone in Pittsburgh and had the place rolling with my own inner-city teaching stuff: "I asked a kid what the word *climate* meant, and he told me it was what you did to a fence." (Fuck you—it's good.) The crowd laughed, but I felt that I had to take it to another level; I wanted more! That's when Stephanie's joke simply rolled off my tongue. I didn't care at the time. Who was Stephanie Bloom anyway? She had probably stopped doing comedy by that point.

I was wrong; Stephanie was doing just fine. And when I did her joke at a Carolines taping in New York, Eddie Brill, the booker for *Letterman*, called me out on it. I was caught like a rat. And for once, I felt terrible. Stephanie was proud of that joke and it defined her act, her persona. I stole that from her and I was an asshole for doing it. Sorry, Stephanie.

But even the shame of getting caught red-handed wasn't enough to make me quit comedy. No, I slogged on, even though my reputation sucked and I caught shit wherever I went. I probably could have gone on for years, like some other thieves in the business. But I eventually faced up to the fact that I was a fraud, and it was time to call it a career. 

Nichols's memoir, Trainwreck: My Life as an Idiot, has been made into a film starring Seann William Scott and Gretchen Mol.

A Star Is Porn

Give a famous person a few drinks and a camcorder to disrobe in front of, and sooner or later the world will know exactly how she gets her freak on. Behold the complete, unadulterated history of the celebrity sex tape—from Jayne Kennedy to Jane Fonda, Pam, Chyna, and more.

By Eric Danville

Take America's favorite obsessions—sex and celebrity—throw in Hollywood's biggest commodities—looks and fame—then filter it all through a little good-natured larceny, and you have the ultimate film-geek wet dream: the celebrity sex tape. Once upon a time, in a simpler era before cellphone cameras and TMZ.com, Tinseltown managed to keep its dark little secrets out of the spotlight and away from the public. Now, it's hard to say whether a performer's private tangles are better off buried or splashed across every laptop in the world. The digitally documented tryst has created as many stars as it's taken down, and for many, the leaked tape is proving to be their most cunning career move.

Nearly a quarter of a century after the invention of the video recorder, we're all voyeurs. Celebrity sex tapes are woven into the fabric of our increasingly graphic public consciousness. They're fodder for late-night talk shows, tabloid newspapers, and bloggers, even in cases where the tapes in question don't actually exist. Just a casual look in your local video store or a few clicks online will prove that what was once little more than gossip is now a genre unto itself, and if some celebrities are reluctant to step into the spotlight, others are more than ready for the ultimate close-up. This rundown of celebrity sex tapes will let you know who's on the A-list, who's strictly grade B, and who's a star with a capital X.





Jayne Kennedy and Leon Isaac Kennedy (ca. 1982)



Long Story Short: Groundbreaking African-American sports bunny gets a hand from actor and soon-to-be-ex-husband.

The Breakdown: Leon, the star of the boxer-in-prison *Penitentiary* movies, supposedly leaked it during the pair's nasty breakup.

The Action: The former *NFL Today* cohost is a world-class hump, whether she's grinding her big, beautiful booty on Leon's cock or massaging his nuts while two of his fingers are crammed up her ass. She gives tasty head, too, knocking his cock back like a shot of cheap tequila. Jayne's up for just about anything—and by tape's end, just about anything is up her. This tape is notorious for its showstopping fisting scene.

Stop, Look, and Listen: The soundtrack is *killer*. Watching them pose naked to Blondie's "Rapture" is cute, but watching Leon's handiwork during Herman's Hermits' "I'm Into Something Good" is hilarious.

Availability: This is why God invented Google.



The Go-Go's (ca. 1983)



Long Story Short: High-flying, inebriated pop princesses stir up some shit, only to have it rain down on them years later.

The Breakdown: This one puts the "scandal" in "celebrity sex scandal." And for good reason. When David, a member of the Go-Go's' road crew, is too shitfaced to get hard enough to jerk off in a hotel bathroom, Belinda Carlisle and Kathy Valentine try to get a fan named Elaine to blow him. She says no, so the gang raps about sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. Basically it's the new-wave version of the Stones' *Cocksucker Blues*, only without the cocksucking.

The Action: Dave passes out in bed and Valentine tries to wake him up by smearing him with

shaving cream, stuffing a vibrator up his ass, and giving him a hot foot. She succeeds.

Best Line: A bleary-eyed Carlisle slurs, "This is gonna be *real* interesting to show one day, huh?"

Available: Not hard to find. An edited version of this tape has been marketed for years, bundled with Rob Lowe's and Chuck Berry's sexcapades.



Rob Lowe (ca. 1988)



Long Story Short: Brat Pack heartthrob gets caught with his pants down but keeps his dignity intact.

The Breakdown: The tape you've seen on the Internet and TV isn't the famous footage shot during the 1988 Democratic convention in Atlanta that apparently featured Lowe with two women, one of whom was underage. This more widely circulated video features Lowe with a girl and another guy.

The Action: Though it's grainy, you can still see that what Lowe lacks in dramatic chops, he makes up for with chops of another kind. He pounds away at his special friend for a good ten minutes at a time before calling time-out for a beer. And between the pixels, it seems like he's got a pretty impressive package.

Blink and You'll Miss: Rob Lowe drinks Miller!

Available: Copies are available bundled with the Go-Go's and Chuck Berry footage.

Key: A handy guide to the action



Solo masturbation



Man-woman sex



Threesome



Golden shower



Halloween costumes



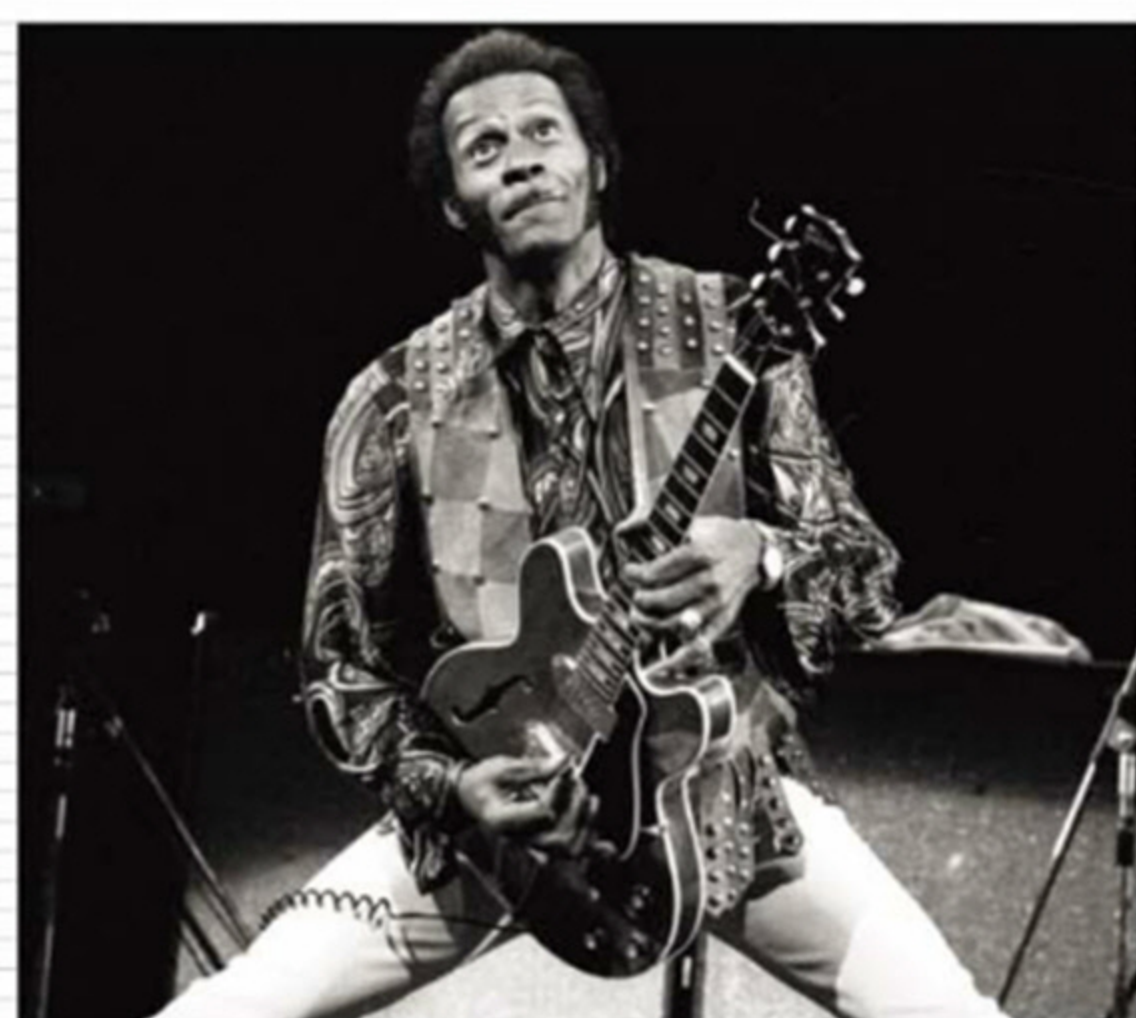
Fisting



Underage



Dirty Sanchez



Chuck Berry
(ca. late 1980s)



Long Story Short: Fifties guitar legend gets exposed as urophilic bad boy.

The Breakdown: Berry's as prolific a pornographer as he is a songwriter, with both careers producing a trail of classics. His nude pics were published in *High Society*, which he sued, and his private sex tapes were made public. He's also been suspected of putting video cameras in the women's room of his Missouri restaurant.

The Action: The sex is pretty run-of-the-mill; it's Berry's scatological fascination that makes this a keeper. When he's not pissing on his girlfriend or having her shake his freshly drained vein, he farts in her face

while she blows him ... and she still comes back for more. Charming.

Now We Get It: He did write "Wee Wee Hours," didn't he?

Available: In edited form, with the Go-Go's and Rob Lowe tapes.



Tonya Harding and Jeff Gillooly
(ca. late 1980s)

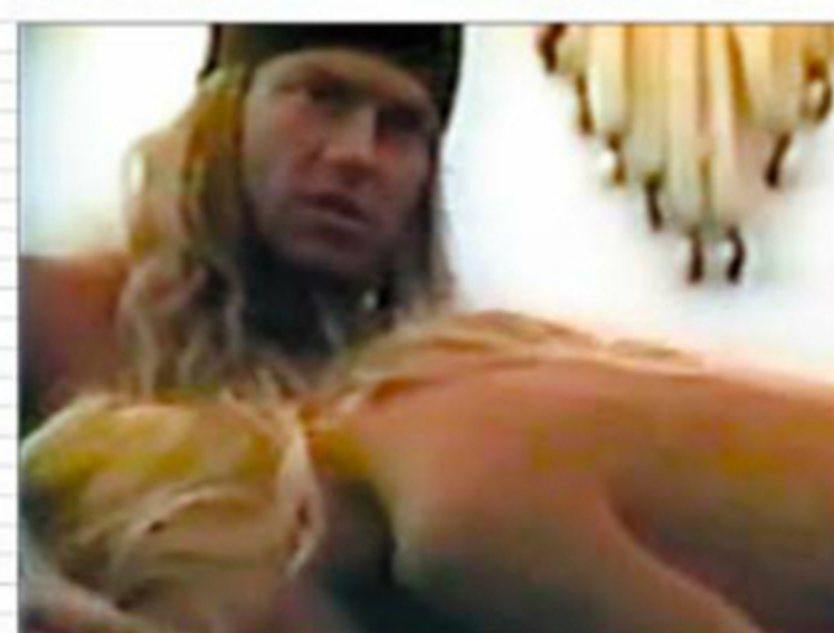


Long Story Short: Knee-capping ice queen goes for the long green and unwittingly starts a cottage industry.

The Action: Exactly what you'd think watching someone bang a white-trash princess like Harding would be: interesting for a few minutes but for the most part, nothing special.

Oh, Really? Even though Harding's wearing a wedding dress in the beginning, it wasn't her wedding night. It was a Halloween costume. No wonder this is so scary.

Available: Although it sold thousands in the past, the only way to see this one is if a buddy has the VHS version lying around.



Pamela Anderson and Bret Michaels
(ca. 1994)



Long Story Short: Surprisingly resilient sex queen survives her first potential career-wrecker.

The Breakdown: This was filmed after a 1994 Halloween party and later swiped by a "friend" who saw dollar signs but got nothing but headaches. In 1998, Anderson and Michaels successfully sued to keep this one under wraps, but by that time everyone and their brother already had a copy.

The Action: Pam strips and then plays with her tits for a good ten minutes—and they are a good ten minutes—before Michaels comes in. She gives him a slow, loving blowjob, then mounts him. Michaels returns the favor, then fucks her missionary-style. A second part of the tape is much higher quality but only a few minutes long, and shows her fucking him cowgirl and flashing her bunghole.

Did You Know? The metal bad boy likes to cuddle! Aww!

Available: the Internet

PHOTOGRAPH BY (CHUCK BERRY) CHRIS FOSTER/RETNA/UK



Ass play

Dildo/vibrator



Look for it online

Available on
DVD or VHS

PAM PLAYS WITH
HER TITS FOR A
GOOD TEN MINUTES—
AND THEY ARE A
GOOD TEN MINUTES.



Ted Turner and Jane Fonda
(ca. early 1990s)



Long Story Short: Media mogul gets cornholed by commie sympathizer-turned-workout guru and gets his ass saved by porn mogul.

The Breakdown: This baby was presumably only given one public screening when a solicitor brought it to the offices of Larry Flynt and *Hustler* magazine, hoping to sell it for around \$1 million.

The Action: This one's so rare that even we haven't seen it. According to those who *have* seen it, the tape features CNN founder Ted Turner in a three-way with then-wife Jane Fonda and another woman. Jane and Ted have never commented on it, but there's good reason to believe the tape does exist. In his porn memoir *Prisoner of X* (Feral House, 2004), former *Hustler* editor Allan MacDonell writes about having viewed it with Flynt in his office. Though the *Hustler* founder and top dog didn't buy the tape, he purchased a different sex tape and gave it to Turner as a token. Of what, exactly, we couldn't tell you.

Best Line (Allegedly): Jane's dildo falls out of Ted's ass and he barks, "Damn it, Jane."

Available: In your fuckin' dreams, buddy



Vince Neil and Janine Lindemulder
(ca. mid 1990s)



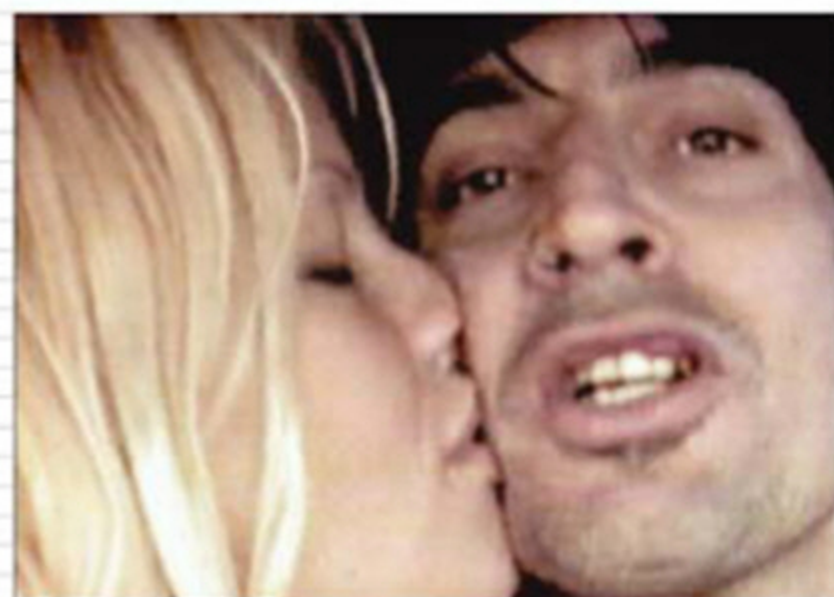
Long Story Short: Once-relevant hair-band messiah beds otherwise-sapphic sex queen, and a nation yawns.

The Breakdown: America's hunger for rock-star porn is further fed when Internet Entertainment Group acquires this rough-cut gem, which surprisingly has no legal drama attached. We're sure that Mötley Crüe's female demographic was dying to check this out, but by tape's end Neil proves that even though he's managed to bag one of the biggest sex symbols in America, he's no Tommy Lee.

The Action: Call us biased, but the only reason to check this out is because the well Neil dips his nib into is our own Janine Lindemulder, the Penthouse Pet-turned-porn star who's famous for only doing women on film. This is her first official boy-girl scene—about a decade before her film *Maneater*. Nestled away in a tropical paradise, Neil, Janine, and a sexy female friend explore some caves. Neil does a little spelunking of his own back at their bungalow, chowing down on the happy hussies before making porno history with the beautiful blonde Janine.

Fun Fact: The sexy friend, whose face was blurred out for contractual reasons, is widely believed to be Penthouse Pet Brandy Ledford.

Available: Available as *Janine & Vince Neil: Hardcore & Uncensored*. Any good porn store should have it.



Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee
(ca. 1994)



Long Story Short: Living blow-up doll and her rock-star hubby share their love with the world.

The Breakdown: The *Star Wars* of celebrity sex tapes was found in a safe that was stolen from the couple's home. After a company threatened to sell it online, Pam and Tommy sued for invasion of privacy, and each was awarded at least \$740,000. The legal version did boffo box office and was named *Adult Video News* magazine's top-selling and top-renting release of 1999.

The Action: Sorry, but the banging is *b-o-o-o-ring*. Sure, she gives her well-hung hubby some spirited head, throws him a quickie, and takes a come shot on her tummy, but they're so in love, it's like watching your parents fuck. Okay, maybe not *your* parents, but somebody's parents.

Did You Know? Tommy has a big dick, but he comes in less than a minute.

Available: Any adult-video store will have it, unless they're sold out.



Gena Lee Nolin and former husband **Greg Fahlman** (ca. 1993)



Long Story Short: Pam Anderson Lite has her own sex tape, with less spectacular results.

The Payoff: According to press accounts, Nolin's flack has said that Fahlman's ex-wife is suspected of leaking this in 2004, the same year she divorced Fahlman and started dating hockey player Cale Hulse. It was reportedly being hawked to porn companies for \$1 million but was never legally available.

The Sex: *Baywatch* fans creamed at the thought of Gena Lee Nolin sans her trademark red swimsuit, but this tape, probably made around 1993, is one ugly affair. Fahlman makes her strip, but she's hurting from breast surgery so she makes it quick. He keeps barking orders at her, telling her to get on all fours. The schlumpy Fahlman does her doggie-style for a few seconds before she says it hurts too much. Then she gives his dick a quick suck and begs off so they can watch the tape. She clearly isn't into any of it and bad-mouths him the entire time. Frankly, we'd rather watch Hasselhoff.

Blink and You'll Miss: Gena gives her panties a quick sniff before tossing them on the floor.

Available: the proverbial black market



Eve (ca. 1999)



Long Story Short: Rhyme-spitting fashion diva gets pronged by literal and figurative jerk-off.

The Breakdown: Yet another music star makes yet another sex tape only to have it leaked, yet again, onto the Internet.

The Action: The former Philly stripper gets pumped with a dildo while her partner jacks off. End of story.

Blink and You'll Miss: Almost everything, since the online clip is only 20 seconds long.

Available: Not!



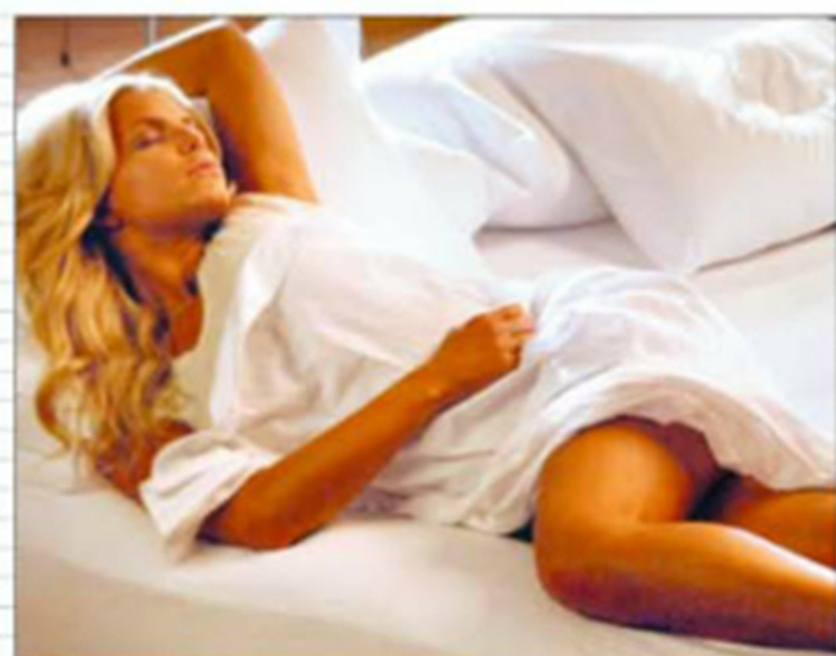
R. Kelly (ca. 2002)



Long Story Short: High-rollin' soulster gets exposed as urophilic bad boy, and manages to stay out of jail—for now.

The Breakdown: Kelly, who married R&B star Aaliyah when she was 15, got busted after the *Chicago Sun-Times* reported the existence of a sex tape featuring, among others, a 14-year-old girl. At press time, charges of child pornography are still pending in Illinois.

Available: Cop to owning this one and you're going to jail, dawg.



Have You Seen Me?

Just because a tape doesn't actually exist doesn't mean the mere idea of it can't launch lawsuits and raise the hopes of voyeurs everywhere. Here are a few of our favorite phantoms:

JESSICA SIMPSON

Rumors abound that Nick Lachey's ex is the star of her own sex tape, but we doubt it. Not because she's religious, but shit, she couldn't even get through a single take of "Nine to Five" without bursting into tears. Sex on film? Out of the question.

BRITNEY SPEARS

A tape has never surfaced, but judging by clips of Brit blabbing about ecstasy or belching up half-eaten chicken wings, we know she hasn't always been discreet when the cameras are rolling. Perhaps someday the former teen queen will show how she went wild with her ex, Kevin Federline, but the Web clip that caused all the uproar last fall ain't her.

JENNIFER LOPEZ

The world waited with bated breath in 2001, when *Star* magazine reported Death Row Records bigwig Suge Knight's claim that he had a sex tape of J. Lo with an ex-boyfriend that would be included in an upcoming video called *J. Lo, The Untold Story*. The world's collective face turned blue until Knight's lawyer admitted the tape did not exist, adding that Knight never really said he had one.

NEIL CHOWS
DOWN ON THE
HAPPY HUSSIES
BEFORE MAKING
PORNO HISTORY
WITH JANINE.



Paris Hilton and Rick Salomon
(ca. 2001)



Long Story Short: Inexplicably fascinating celebute turns unwitting porn star and finally gets a career.

The Breakdown: For some reason, the Hilton Hotel heiress was banging the well-hung Salomon and trusted him enough to let him tape it. This is the result of their first video escapade. In 2006, the bootleg version became the third-most-watched video on the Net, logging a considerable 400 million hits and counting. The official version, *1 Night in Paris*, was AVN's top-selling and top-renting release of 2005.

The Action: She takes Salomon's healthy cock with barely a shudder, but not surprisingly, she seems more interested in watching herself on the monitor. Then the 19-year-old looks like a refugee from *Meerkat Manor* in the much-parodied night-vision footage, but the full-color blowjob scene is solid.

Blink and You'll Miss: Paris almost showing some emotion, but not quite.

Available: PenthouseStore.com



Fred Durst and Masha Novoselova
(ca. 2003)



Long Story Short: Rap-metal meathead gets laid, hacked, and ultimately owned.

The Breakdown: Hot on the heels of the Paris Hilton cellphone hack came news that some enterprising techie swiped this baby from Durst's computer—or Sidekick, depending on which version you hear.

The Action: Durst is such a flatliner in the sack that at one point he turns the camera away from his cock and onto his own face. Surprisingly, you can tell the difference.

Fun Fact: Fred's dick isn't as small as chat-room trolls would have you believe.

Available: You don't really wanna go there, do you?



Joanie "Chyna" Laurer and wrestler Sean "X-Pac" Waltman
(ca. 2004)



Long Story Short: Grappling ginch and insignificant other jump on the celeb-porn gravy train.

The Breakdown: Whether this was "stolen," "leaked," or intentionally marketed, the former WWE starlet was really just continuing the career trajectory started by her 2000 spread in *Playboy*.

The Action: Better than you'd think. Joanie looks surprisingly hot in her faux dominatrix gear, but is a surprisingly docile and compliant sex puppet. She sucks cock like a pro and, in the tape's best scene, takes it up the ass. Unlike professional wrestling, this is all too real. AVN's top-selling release of 2006.

Look Away or You'll See: The forest of acne peppering Joanie's otherwise accommodating glutes.

Available: PenthouseStore.com

Jenna Lewis and Travis Wolfe
(ca. 2004)



Long Story Short: *Survivor* also-ran trumps Mark Burnett with a sex scandal that was more marketing than mischief.

The Breakdown: Shortly before the live finale of *Survivor: All-Stars*, America learned that one of the players was all tore up over a honeymoon sex tape. When she mentioned that the tape was available on the Web, a reporter snooped around and learned that Jenna and her manager allegedly owned the site.

The Action: The appeal of the tape has outlived the marriage, and with good reason: It smokes. Jenna looks like a blast in the sack.

Best Line: After complimenting Wolfe's genetic makeup for enabling him to fuck so well, Lewis says, "That's right, I invoked the name of your mother while we're having sex. Now fuck me harder!"

Available: a number of download sites

JOANIE LOOKS HOT
IN HER FAUX
DOMINATRIX GEAR,
BUT IS A DOCILE AND
COMPLIANT PARTNER.



Colin Farrell and Nicole Narain
(ca. 2003)



Long Story Short: Playboy Playmate beds Irish bad boy for fun and ...

The Breakdown: Farrell and Narain made this "strictly private and confidential" 13-minute video in 2003; two years later he sued her, celebrity-sex-tape broker David Hans Schmidt, and online smut peddler Internet Commerce Group to prevent its sale. Narain said she didn't know how it was leaked and agreed to help stop it, but Farrell again accused her of trying to profit from its distribution. Farrell got an injunction and has aggressively pursued anyone trying to make money from the tape ever since.

The Action: Farrell shouldn't have bothered hiding this. He comes off looking like a total stud, showing off his big cock, buff body, and ability to bag some top-shelf booty. The sexiest part is watching Narain slide Farrell's cock into her mouth. The funniest part is watching her when she pulls his pubes from her teeth. This beats *Alexander* by a long shot.

Best Dialogue: Narain: "Do you want to watch some porn?" Farrell: "I fookin' live on parn!"

Available: It's pretty easy to download for free on P2P file-sharing and BitTorrent sites. But don't ask us where. We're not at liberty to say.



Dustin "Screech" Diamond
(ca. 2006)



Long Story Short: Former teen star revives failing career and performs an urban-legendary sex act.

The Breakdown: The real screech here isn't Diamond's character from *Saved by the Bell*, but the floundering actor's gross attempt to get some attention. You're invited to watch as Double D sexes up two chicks in a real-life round of hide the salami. Diamond told MSNBC talk-show host Joe Scarborough that he and some unnamed B-list Hollywood buds play a game called "poke 'em," where they wager on who can commit the most outrageous sex act on film.

Blink and You'll Miss: The last shred of dignity Diamond might have had after he hawked T-shirts to save his house from foreclosure.

What the Fuck? Diamond gives one gal the legendary "dirty sanchez": poking a finger up her ass so he can leave a thin fecal mustache on her upper lip. You may be amused, but she was not.

Available: PenthouseStore.com

Foreign Affairs: Sex Tapes Around the World

SEVERINA VUCKOVIC

This Croat singer's career took a hit in 2004 when a 12-minute video of her and a married businessman hit the Web. It is one of the best celeb sex tapes, too, with plenty of fucking and sucking. Her lover laps champagne from between Vuckovic's plump round butt cheeks before he comes on her face. Insult was added to injury when she lost a court case seeking to stop its online distribution, but (whatta shock!) her career actually took off once the rest of the world heard of her. Now she's a regular sex bomb. And somewhere, Madonna is smiling.

ABI TITMUSS

Titmuss was the spiciest part of the British cooking show *Hell's Kitchen*, but a few years ago, she cooked up a threesome with her boyfriend John Leslie (the British TV host, not the American porn director) and another woman. Titmuss could have cared less about the scandal. She's voiced a taste for group sex and lesbian lovers, telling English tabloid *The Sunday Mirror*, "I'm not like those glamour girls who say, 'I'm really dirty, I'm really bad,' then just pose around. I really am dirty and bad. I love sex."

ZAHRA AMIR EBRAHIMI

The sultry Iranian soap star is allegedly the unwilling costar of a sex tape that she claims her ex-fiancé faked to ruin her reputation. If that's the case, he certainly succeeded: Ebrahimi's career is in shambles and she's a social outcast for allegedly having sex outside of marriage. It's been reported that the unnamed boyfriend was extradited from Armenia and is in police custody, facing a possible fine and prison term.

CHU MEI-FENG

Taiwan got its very own political sex scandal—complete with video—when footage surfaced featuring Chu, a former politician and TV reporter, banging her married lover. The 47-minute clip was secretly recorded by a camera planted by one of Chu's former friends.

Eric Danville has been reviewing adult films for 15 years and is a proud member of the X-Rated Critics Organization (XRCO).

Take a second look at Krista Ayne,
our 2007 Pet of the Year
Runner-Up—scientific proof that
winning isn't everything. Besides,
with looks like hers, who can keep
their eyes on the scoreboard?

Photographs by Rachael Durz

not







Plenty of people are famous for coming in second. Being the second man on the moon, the second in command, or taking silver in the Olympics are all amazing feats. In our humble opinion, winning Penthouse Pet of the Year Runner-Up is no less an accomplishment. Krista Ayne, last year's April Pet of the Month, is a born-and-raised New Yorker with edge and attitude, and we couldn't love her more for it if she built the Chrysler Building with her bare hands.

And while we all know it's an honor to be nominated, we had to ask: Does not winning the whole shebang sting just a bit? "I would be lying if I said I wasn't disappointed," Krista says, "but I'm 100 percent appreciative of what I've got." Well, we're not disappointed at all, since we wouldn't know what to do without her. "And I still have a whole extra year to do everything I've been doing. I think I have the coolest job that anyone could ever ask for." Krista has acting chops beyond her sexy poses. She's the host of two television shows, including Spike TV's *Bikini Pool Shark*, where she'll school your ass on the finer tricks of billiards while wearing, yes, a bikini. Meanwhile, enjoy this encore presentation of Krista, who shows that it takes two to make a thing go right.



"I've always loved doing this, from when I was young and dressing up in front of the mirror. I guess I didn't realize growing up that it could become reality."





"Everyone was really happy. My family and friends are like, 'As long as you're happy, we're happy.' Everyone was really thrilled and proud."



"In a business like this, you're not really in second place. I still get to travel and have the Runner-Up title. I'm having the best time and meeting the greatest people."







"I think that being from New York helps you in this business.
You know how hard it is to make it regardless. It makes you stronger to be here."



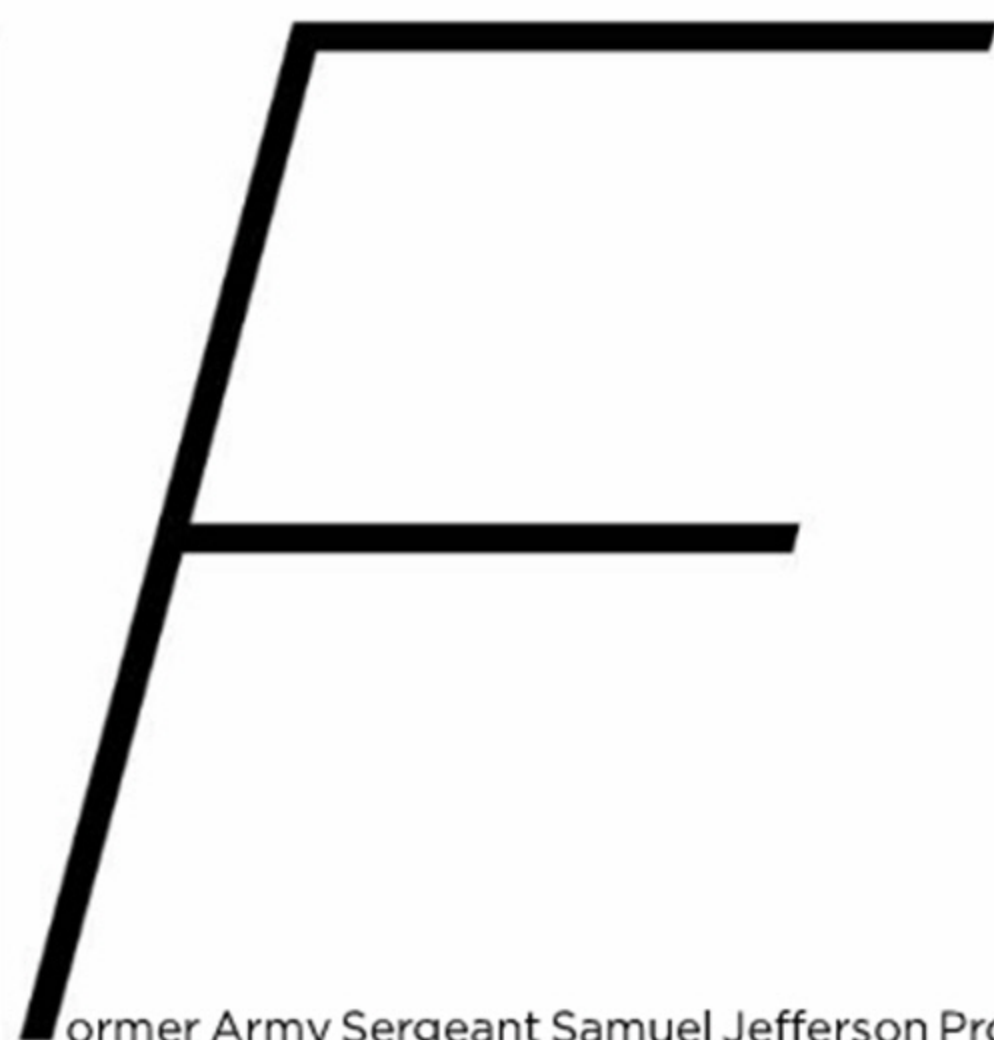
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Sex, drugs & power at

*"Robotripping" on cough syrup
and caffeine pills, shooting
homegrown porno with pounding
rap soundtracks, and brutalizing
naked prisoners: How
Saddam Hussein's favorite
prison became the world's most
infamous hellhole.
By Tara McKelvey
Illustration by Noma Bar*

Abu Ghrai





Former Army Sergeant Samuel Jefferson Provance III has blond hair, blue eyes, and a slightly dated goth look, with a black lace-up tunic-style shirt; "Harley-Davidson boots," as he describes them, decorated with orange and red flames; and a silver ring engraved with a Winged Skull of Ur, a trademark image of serpents, a skull, and wings on the ring finger of his right hand. He's gotten a tattoo, CAESER, etched in Old World script on the back of his neck. Like many whistleblowers, Provance is unconventional.

From September 2003 to February 2004, he says, he saw firsthand how detainees were mistreated at Abu Ghraib prison. He left the Army in September 2006 and came home to Carmichaels, Pennsylvania, where I spoke to him late last year. He brought with him mementos from Abu Ghraib—JPEGs, diary entries, unexpurgated sworn statements obtained for the military investigations, and 18 homemade films.

Dozens more of the films and photos have never been seen by the public (segments from one of the films appeared in a PBS *Frontline* program). Nor has Provance spoken with the media—or anyone, really—at length about the incidents he witnessed at the prison. He sent me a computer disc of the films and photos while he was living in Germany, and I brought along the CD to the Hartley Inn Restaurant in Carmichaels, where he used the films and photographs to re-create the nightmare world of military police that existed at Abu Ghraib from October through December 2003, the three-month period during which the detainee abuses were photographed.

Provance belongs to a small group of individuals who alerted the world to the abuse of detainees at Abu Ghraib and in U.S.-run detention facilities in other parts of Iraq. Most of the abusive acts—or at least the ones that were photographed—took place in October and November 2003. Specialist Joseph M. Darby handed over a CD containing the photographs to a military investigator in early January 2004.

As a systems administrator with top-secret security clearance, Sam Provance worked the night shift and helped ensure that computers throughout the compound were operating smoothly. He wandered in the predawn hours through buildings where political prisoners had once been held by Saddam Hussein. In his digital photos, traces of Arabic script, scratched long ago by prisoners, are visible on the walls of the buildings: "God help us," someone had written. Provance and other soldiers at Abu Ghraib were familiar with the dark history of the prison before the 2003 U.S. invasion. "We were told about women being raped by dogs and people being dissolved in vats of oil," Provance says.

"The place was just haunted," he recalls. "There was noise coming from places where there weren't supposed to be people. You'd be like, 'Was that real? Was that a ghost?'" He shifts his weight back and forth in the restaurant chair, demonstrating how he had looked around for signs of danger at the prison, then reaches back and touches the top of his spine. "The darkness would descend on you. At night you would not go down the



ABU GHRAIB WAS THE SCENE OF THOUSANDS OF EXECUTIONS DURING SADDAM HUSSEIN'S REIGN. AFTER HIS FALL IN 2003, THE HUGE PRISON WAS USED BY COALITION FORCES, HOLDING 7,000 PRISONERS AT ITS PEAK CAPACITY.

hallway by yourself because you knew something was there, and it was pissed off."

Officially, Brigadier General Janis L. Karpinski was in charge of overseeing detainee operations at the prison. But she lived at Camp Victory, a military installation located approximately 30 miles away at Baghdad International Airport, and was responsible for 17 other detention sites throughout Iraq as well. Soldiers who lived at Abu Ghraib during that time said she didn't have much of a presence. "I never saw hide or hair of her," says Provance. "[Soldiers] were just on their own. It was a shocking experience."

"I didn't know who was in charge—whether it was Uncle Sam, the CPA [Coalition Provisional Authority], or the Easter Bunny," says Sergeant Hydrue S. Joyner, who worked the day shift in the section of Abu Ghraib, Tier 1A, where many of the photographs were taken.

From August 31 to September 9, 2003, Major General Geoffrey D. Miller, U.S. Army commander of Joint Task Force Guantánamo, and a group of 30 prison and interrogation specialists from Guantánamo toured Abu Ghraib. Pentagon officials had turned to Miller for help in finding a more efficient way of obtaining intelligence on the insurgency.

Karpinski claims that Miller stated his expectations of how detainees should be treated in September 2003. "[Miller] said, 'You have to have full control, and the MPs at Guantánamo know that,'" Karpinski tells me. As she recalls, Miller made the following observations at the meeting, describing how prisoners are treated at Guantánamo: "A detainee never leaves the cell if he's not escorted by two MPs in leg irons, hand irons, and a belly chain. And there was no mistake about who was in charge. And you have to treat these detainees like dogs."

In early October, shortly after Miller's visit, boxes of electronic equipment were shipped to the prison. "Computers started coming in, and they just never stopped coming," says Provance. "Brand-new, state-of-the-art desktops, laptops. But there were still no lights in the guardhouse. It was crazy. It was like, 'Oh, my God. What do you expect from us?'"

Approximately 20 civilian and military interrogators, including



“GIRLS ENJOYED THIS LAVISH ATTENTION. BUT ONCE THEY INDULGED, IT WOULD ALL BACKFIRE.”

several individuals who had been stationed at Guantánamo Bay, arrived at this time. “Big Gitmo implants,” Provance calls them. They had a different approach to intelligence-gathering than the military officers. “They were a lot more aggressive,” he explains. At Guantánamo, they had operated on “Tiger Teams,” which included an interrogator, analyst, and interpreter.

Civilian contractors brought a different dynamic to the prison. Many had served in the military. But now they were better paid—between \$50,000 and \$120,000 a year, depending on the skills and qualifications of the employee.

One civilian interrogator, who wore wraparound black sunglasses, was put in charge of a group of soldiers. Provance knew the soldiers from Heidelberg, Germany, where they had all lived together in 2003. “The guys from my company were imagery analysts. They look at pictures. They watch dots on a screen,” determining whether the dots, or moving objects on the screen, are “wheeled or tracked,” Provance explains. (A tank leaves tracks behind.) “They didn’t get much respect.”

“They were sent home because their jobs were obsolete,” Provance says. “They were back in Heidelberg living it up, thinking, *Yeah, we’re party guys*. And then they were sent back to Abu Ghraib.”

“People at Abu Ghraib, in the meantime, were expecting intel analysts, and when [the soldiers] got there, they were like, ‘What the hell is this?’ So they tell them they’re going to be on Tiger Teams and give them a crash PowerPoint course on intelligence,” he says. (Provance has provided me with the soldiers’ full names and photographs. However, some are still in the Army, most likely in Iraq, and efforts to reach them through Army officials and other avenues were not successful. For that reason, I will refer to them as Soldiers D, G, H, and W.)

They were assigned to the 205th Military Intelligence Brigade, which was in charge of interrogations under the command of Colonel Thomas M. Pappas. They attended two-day training courses to learn how to conduct interrogations. They were not eager students.

“[Soldier G] would fall asleep,” Provance explains. “I’d walk

over there, and I’d see him just slumped down like this.” He reaches his hands out in the air, sinks his body into the chair, and closes his eyes.

Pappas eventually assigned the soldiers a new role: Military Intelligence Security or “Guard Force.” The soldiers were several levels below the civilian interrogators on the organizational chart.

The civilian interrogator oversaw the interrogation process. The soldiers escorted detainees from their cells to the interrogation sites, which could be a cell, shower stall, stairwell, or a supply room, and stood nearby with weapons. When the detainees refused to cooperate, Soldier W claimed, as Provance recalls, the civilian interrogator would call them over to intimidate the detainees—in apparent violation of military rules that forbid summoning guards during interrogations when the tactic is used as a way to frighten suspects.

“They were his muscle. He’d say, ‘Oh, you don’t want to tell me that? My boys are going to get you.’” Provance snaps his fingers. “And dude gets a punch in the face.”

“They were such loose cannons,” he says. “Ready and willing to do whatever the civilian [interrogators] wanted them to do.”

“A lot of people bought knives,” Provance adds. “Big knives—Rambo knives. Typically, we’re not allowed to have those. But at that time they were kind of getting wild and crazy, and they couldn’t be controlled. I wasn’t their direct supervisor. But if I had gone up to them and tried to say—in the normal Army sense—‘You better do this,’ they would have laughed in my face.”

“The Army as it is traditionally understood did not exist in that prison.”

In late April 2004, after they’d both been sent back to Germany, Provance asked Soldier W for copies of the videos he had made of their friends in Iraq.

I put the CD in the MacBook and start by clicking through several digital photos. In one picture that Provance obtained from an anonymous source, the civilian interrogator is wearing a black coat and bandana as he questions a detainee with the help of a female interpreter dressed in an Army-fatigue jacket with a badge reading U.S. CONTRACTOR. She’s holding a cigarette and a drink as if she were at a nightclub.

The detainee is a heavyset, dark-skinned man who is squatting backward on two flimsy plastic chairs. The chairs are stacked together to support his weight.

“He looks scared,” Provance says to me. Then he looks at the civilian interrogator in the photos.

“That’s just his dark side,” says Provance. “Mr. Cool Interrogator. He’s wearing one of those black fleece coats. They were premium at the time. The only people who had them were officers, females, or civilians.”

Females? I ask.

“The guys they were sleeping with would give them one,” he explains.

Like an engagement ring, I tell him.

He laughs. “I tell you what—people fell in love really quick out there.” Provance recalls that for a period of time, shortly after they

got to Iraq, the female soldiers would talk about their husbands. "They'd say, 'Yeah, it's a hot day and, you know, my husband really hates the heat,'" he explains, describing how women put up a "firewall" to deflect the sexual come-ons from the men around them. Weeks later, though, husbands were no longer mentioned. "These girls—they'd enjoy this lavish attention. But once they indulged, it would all backfire and they'd find their reputations in the gutter."

"Everybody wants to have someone, but not everybody can have someone," Provance says. "There's only ten percent women. Before a girl can even get to work, 20 guys slap her in the face with their dick. It's sexual harassment. But it's so rampant, she has to get used to it. A girl in the Army is going to have a reputation of being either a slut or a bitch—depending upon whether she sleeps with them or not. A guy hears about how she gave another guy a blowjob, and he wants a share. It creates a lot of tension. You see things written in the Porta-John: 'Queen for a year.' Or 'Enjoy it now, bitch.'"

Much has been reported on the criminal behavior of soldiers at Abu Ghraib. But until now, few—if any—detailed, documented accounts of sexual relations among soldiers and between soldiers and female prisoners have appeared in the press. Sexual relations between guards and prisoners, even when consensual, are against military and prison regulations, and the alleged behavior of the soldiers reveals an unmilitary-like aspect of the prison that was part of the climate of abuse.

In fall 2003, Provance claims, an officer was spying on women in the showers. Another officer, he says, brought in prostitutes. A former guard, Ivan L. Frederick II, also said he heard that "people in the Hard Site [Tier 1A] were pimping the females out for a dollar," according to a sworn statement he made before a military investigator on November 3, 2004. Meanwhile, one guy, who appears in the videos as a man with huge pecs and a tiny waist, used to shave his pubic hair and leave piles of it in a canteen cup in a public space. "He was trying to be all Mr. Pimp Sexy," Provance explains.

Frederick described a November 2003 incident in a shower with a female detainee who was about 18 years old. She "reached over and stuck her hand down my pants and touched my penis," he said in a sworn statement. She "let me put my hand down her pants. I put my hand down her pants and barely touched her vagina," he said. "She tried to get me to hug and kiss her, but I wouldn't, so we left the shower."

Provance claims that soldiers stocked up on sticky, eight-ounce bottles of Robitussin by the caseload from Drugstore.com—or drove in convoys along one of Iraq's most dangerous roads to purchase the cough medicine from the Army Shoppette at Baghdad International Airport. "They would clean it off the shelf," he recalls. They chased it down with two tablets of Vivarin: "Robotripping." It's a cheap high—like LSD, I've been told—except more jangly.

"I can't feel my feet!" says a soldier in one of the videos. Someone else laughs—a crazy, frantic laugh. They would lunge at one another and press their fingers against one another's throats, holding their thumbs down hard on the arteries, Provance says. One guy would cut off someone's air supply until he thrashed around. Then the same guy would do it to himself.

One video, "Booty Crook Ben," is apparently inspired by a Mystikal song, "Pussy Crook," that plays softly in the background. "Stop that fucking running and bring that ass over here / Bitch, touch your toes," Mystikal raps. "I cut you up when I'm climbing on you." (In January 2004, recording artist Mystikal [aka Michael



Interrogation at Tier 1A

He was an electrical engineer. He *knew* what was about to happen.

In early January 2004, Hasham Dilami arrived at Abu Ghraib. The 47-year-old former administrator in Iraq's Ministry of Culture (his name and job have been changed for security reasons) was escorted to a small, chilly room. Dilami caught a glimpse of a device, a Taser-like, rod-shaped machine that was the size of a water bottle and had a handle and two wires that jutted out of the top. Two interrogators told him to stand next to a wall and face the cement.

"Tell us who the freedom fighters are," one interrogator said. Dilami did not answer.

"Spread your legs," an interrogator told him. "As far as you can."

"In any interrogation—anywhere in the world—they have some proof of what the people have been accused of," says Dilami. "They had nothing on us."

Someone poured a bottle of water over him. "I'm an electrical engineer," he explains. "I know that if someone were to get his hand wet and touch electricity or a socket, it would be painful. Water is a good conductor of electricity. And since my whole body was wet, it would carry electricity all over my body, regardless of where they applied the electrical device. If my body were dry, the only place the electricity would affect is that particular part."

Someone pressed the device against his underarms, under his ears, behind his knees, on his throat, and on his penis. "These are the most sensitive parts of the body," he explains. "They transmitted the electrical shocks all over. My whole body began shaking."

The device made a buzzing, ripping noise. "It would go, Zzzzzz," he says.

His nerves were soon paralyzed, and his limbs became numb.

"I felt confused," he says. "I thought they were going to kill me. If they had applied the device to my mouth, they would have.... I thought it was over for me."

His legs buckled. As he fell toward the floor, he wondered what would happen to him. He knew he would not survive the electrical shocks much longer. His heart would stop. Yet after some time—he is not sure how long—he realized he was being returned to his cell. Three months later, he was informed of the accusations against him: "planning and executing resistance against American forces." He was released from Abu Ghraib on May 21, 2004, and was never formally charged with a crime.



"I DIDN'T KNOW WHO WAS IN CHARGE—UNCLE SAM ... OR THE EASTER BUNNY."

Tyler], a veteran of the first Gulf War, was sentenced to six years in prison for forcing a woman to perform sex acts in an assault that was videotaped.) In "Booty Crook," Soldier H is sleeping on an Army cot in a dark cell. His hands are tucked between his legs, and he's in the fetal position. Soldier W stands next to him and pretends to masturbate. He climbs on top of him and humps him furiously.

In another video, two women are sitting on a cot in the prison cell. "Now these guys been dancing all night, trying to impress these girls," says Soldier W, who acts as the narrator. "See that girl on the left—she's impressed.

"That girl on the right," Soldier W continues, describing a woman in a white T-shirt and striped jogging pants, "she's not impressed. Everyone wants to get close to her."

Later, the narrator realizes (or fantasizes) she is interested in him and carries on a quiet, one-sided conversation that she does not seem to hear: "Do I really want to come over and have sex with you right now? No, I don't. Thank you." Another soldier climbs on top of her and thrusts his hips up and down.

"It's depression, isolation, boredom," Provance says, trying to explain the speedy mating rituals at Abu Ghraib. "Girls were looking for security. For men, it's just a buildup of desire. You really get down to instincts and the danger of it.

"It's very competitive among the men. You got a woman—you're one of the elite. It's king of the hill."

In another video, Soldier H is wearing a U.S. Army jacket as he shouts out lines from a rap song. His songs explain what it is like to be a soldier in Iraq, and they are raw, torn-from-the-pages-of-a-journal-style musings on his predicament: "Do I actually have a choice for my placement?" he says. "I don't want to face it."

In another video, a soldier calls out, "Abu Ghetto. Ghetto Abu." Someone shouts, "Everybody's drunk. Everybody's out of control."

Misogynistic, brutal rap music provides the soundtrack for several videos. It would show a misreading of the situation at Abu Ghraib, however, to say the lyrics compelled the soldiers to participate in the alleged abuses. In fact, it seems to work the other way around. As men who are drawn to violence, or the simulation of it, they chose to listen to music that expresses and celebrates those impulses.

In an opening scene of another video, "The Shankesters," filmed on November 3, 2003, a soldier is wearing tight shorts and a beige T-shirt. He has muscular legs and thighs, strong arms, and short cropped hair, and he is pulling apart a collapsible wire chair with a swatch of fabric attached to it. Within seconds, the chair is transformed into a human dummy.

"Hey, y'all," says a soldier off-camera. "Tell him why you mad."

Soldier H is barefoot, and he is wearing silver dog tags. He has a heavily tattooed right shoulder and arm, stubble on his upper lip and chin, short brown hair, and thick eyebrows. He is naked from the waist up, and he absentmindedly strokes his chest with his fingers. He says, "We're all mad."

Soldier W stabs the dummy with a six-inch knife. "Through his tit!" a soldier calls out. Another kicks the dummy. Soldier W stabs it three more times.

A soldier says, sarcastically, in mock sympathy, "Oh. Did he stab him?"

Soldier W loses his balance and nearly falls over. He steadies himself and kicks the dummy again. His face is scrunched up and his eyes are narrow. He kicks harder. Then he hands the knife to another soldier. They are both smiling.

Provance is holding a silver dinner knife as he watches the film, and he uses it to identify the soldiers on the screen. "He's actually wearing a top-secret badge around his neck," he says, pointing to one of the men. "Crazy." He shakes his head and laughs.

"I always tell people Abu Ghraib was *Apocalypse Now* meets *The Shining*," Provance says. He puts his elbows on the table and stares at the display. "A surrealist combat zone with the horror and haunting of *The Shining*."

In the restaurant, the afternoon light is fading, and Provance puts the dinner knife on the table. "When I came back here, I got 21 questions. People were trying to tell me they know more about Abu Ghraib than I do. I'm like, 'You work at Value City.' One of them—well, she was like, 'There are people who want to get on with their lives, and there are people like you who want to keep bringing this shit up.'

"I'm like, it's not just Abu Ghraib. It's a bigger issue.... It was policy. The scandal photos were exploited, and they were encouraged. Those MPs thought what they were doing was acceptable. So acceptable that they would use them as wallpaper for their laptops."

He asks me to imagine what it was like for the top brass when the abuse scandal became public: "An aide to Condi Rice comes and sees you and says, 'Your work here is being looked at by our government's highest people.' ... Generals were shooting at the feet of the interrogators and telling them to dance. But for all eternity, the only thing people are going to say is, 'Oh, it was that one little girl.'"

He is describing Lynndie R. England, the soldier who became the symbol of criminal wrongdoing at Abu Ghraib. The culture at Abu Ghraib that Provance describes so eloquently is only part of the picture. There was also a political dimension to the scandal. That culture exists thousands of miles from Baghdad in the conference rooms and policy sessions of Washington, D.C., high in the chain of command. Counterintelligence policy was set in those places, and the implementation of that policy was left to "the muscle," as Provance calls his Robotripping friends.

One week after the Abu Ghraib photos appeared on TV, administration officials discussed the use of harsh methods on detainees. On May 5, 2004, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld said that the Geneva Conventions "did not apply precisely" in Iraq. Instead, they were "basic rules" for handling prisoners. On May 14, Rumsfeld visited soldiers at Abu Ghraib and said, "Geneva doesn't say what you do when you get up in the morning."

Tara McKelvey is a senior editor at The American Prospect and a research fellow at the NYU School of Law's Center on Law and Security. This article is excerpted from her forthcoming book, Monster: Inside America's Policy of Secret Interrogations and Torture in the Terror War, to be published by Carroll & Graf.



Goin' Deep

Our Miami Super Bowl party was a late-night touchdown, but the real winners were all those *Penthouse* fans who were the first to meet our 2007 Pet of the Year!

Miami mega-club Mansion was the setting for a VIP blowout with a kick-ass private concert by Snoop Dogg.

But the real treat was the continuous parade of Pets—26 in all, dressed in custom-designed, fantasy-inducing mermaid outfits. They were sensuous sirens indeed.

Penthouse CEO and President Marc Bell took the stage to introduce Heather Vandeven, our brand-new Pet of the Year, and Pet of the Year Runner-Up Krista Ayne. Our 2006 Pet of the Year, Jamie Lynn, passed the torch to both winners with the presentation of iconic *Penthouse* key necklaces.

"Jamie Lynn really set the standard of who the *Penthouse* Pet

is today, and I hope to continue in her tradition," Heather said.

Thanks to Heather and all of our beautiful Pets—as well as Hair Club for Men, which provided free products for all guests, and Azzure Denim, which provided the Mansion staff with cool duds—the *Penthouse* 2007 SuperParty will be hard to top. **ON**

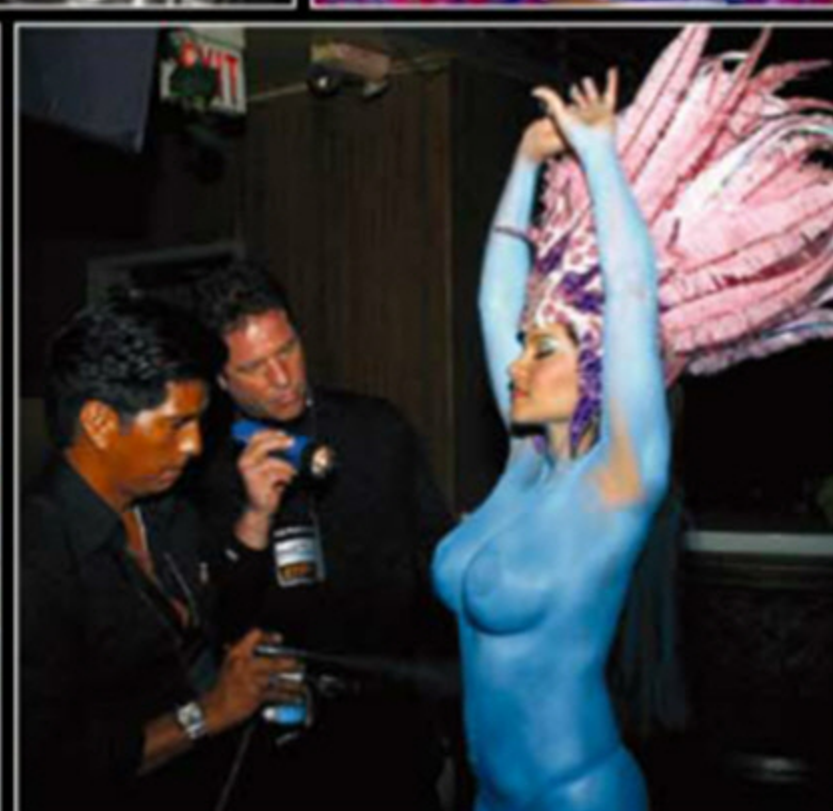


Clockwise from left: Bella Starr (December '05) and Celeste Star (July '05) team up for a photo. Pets get down on the dance floor. Snoop takes the mike and vibes the crowd. Martina Warren, 2005 Pet of the Year, rages with fellow Pets. Heather gets cozy with the girls. February '07 Pet of the Month and cover girl Stormy Daniels poses for paparazzi.





THE REAL TREAT WAS THE PARADE OF PETS—26 IN ALL, DRESSED IN FANTASY-INDUCING MERMAID OUTFITS.



Clockwise from left: Linn Thomas (October '00) plays sultry for the camera. Heather flashes her assets, then the Pets cheer her on. Aria Giovanni (September '00) goes wild with party girls. Partiers flash a spotlight on the painted model.



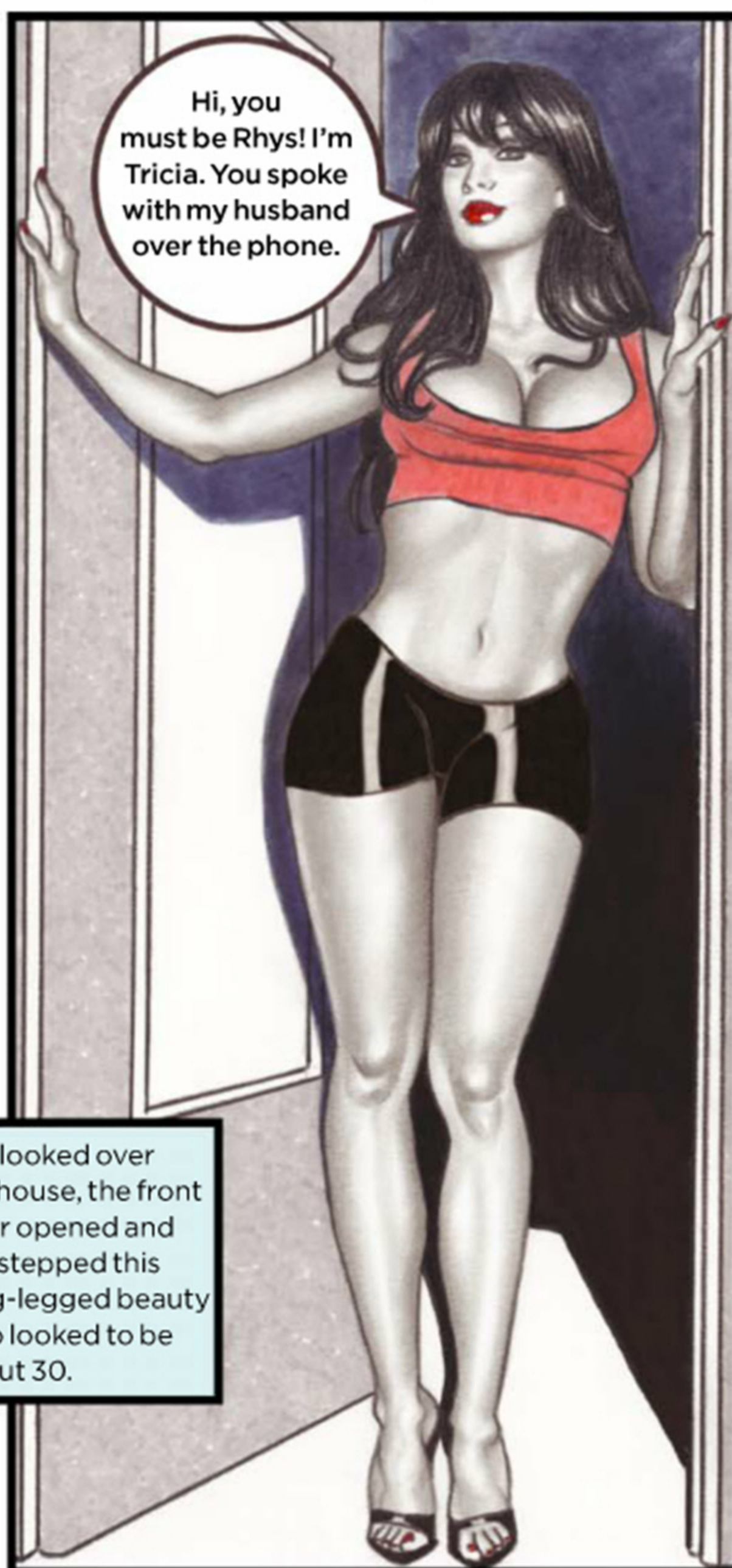
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ANGELILLO AND DARRYL NOBLES

Hard Labor

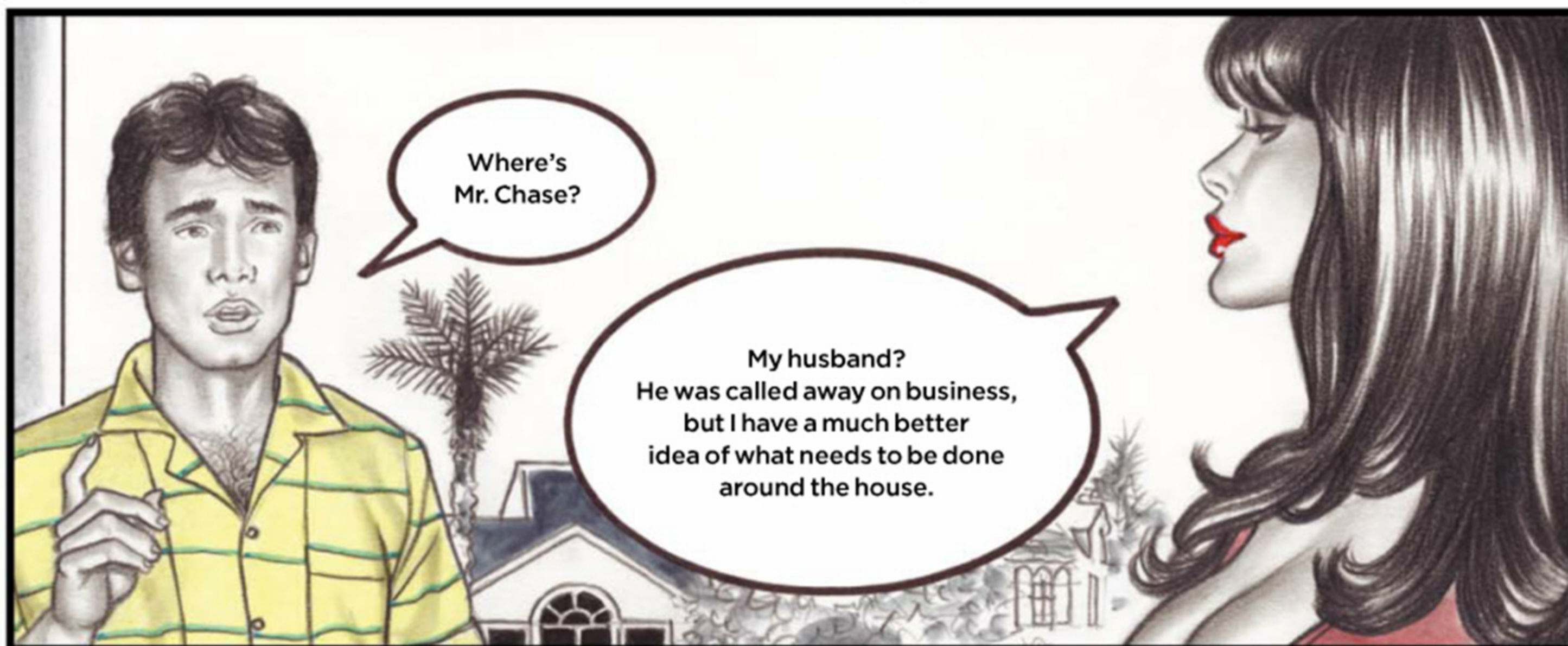
I still had two weeks to go before heading back to college when I spotted an ad seeking a window cleaner for a home in an upscale neighborhood.



As I looked over the house, the front door opened and out stepped this long-legged beauty who looked to be about 30.

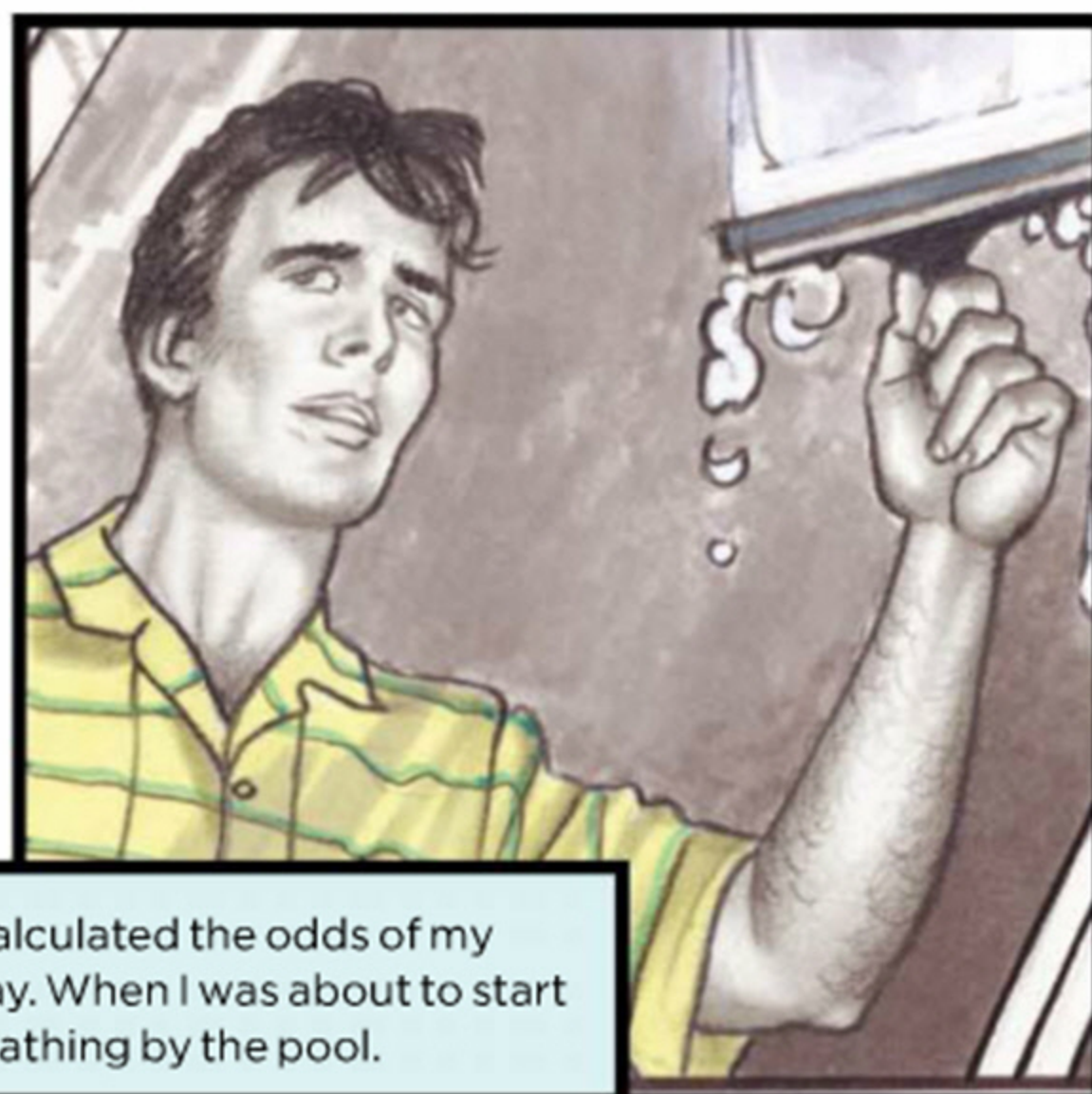


Hi, you must be Rhys! I'm Tricia. You spoke with my husband over the phone.



Where's Mr. Chase?

My husband? He was called away on business, but I have a much better idea of what needs to be done around the house.



Watching her swaying hips, I mentally calculated the odds of my slipping it to her while her husband was away. When I was about to start on the patio door, I saw Tricia sunbathing by the pool.



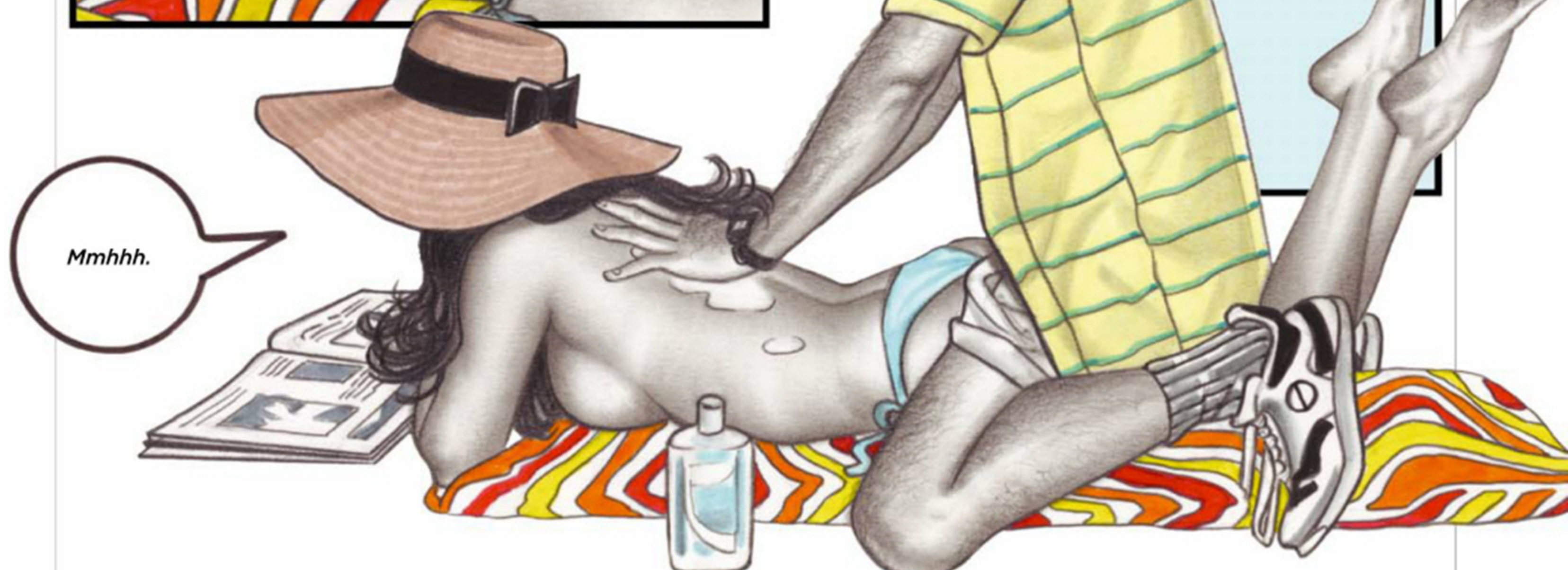
Would you mind rubbing some lotion on my back and shoulders?

I didn't realize I was staring until she gave me one of those *caught you looking* smiles. I smiled back and recalculated my odds.





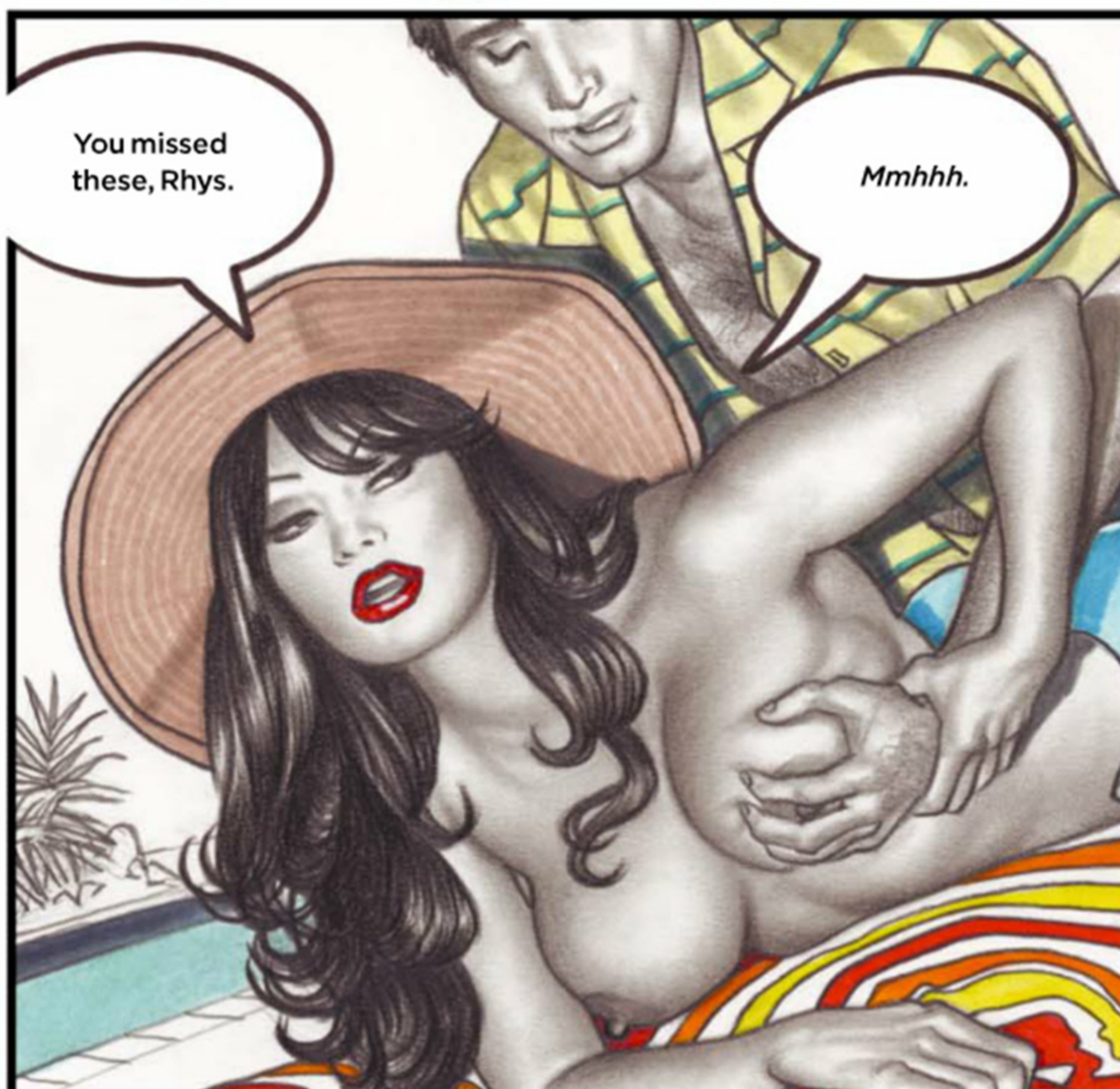
She suggested it would be easier if I straddled her. *Right.* I did as the woman of the house directed. Soon my hard-on was rubbing right up against her ass.

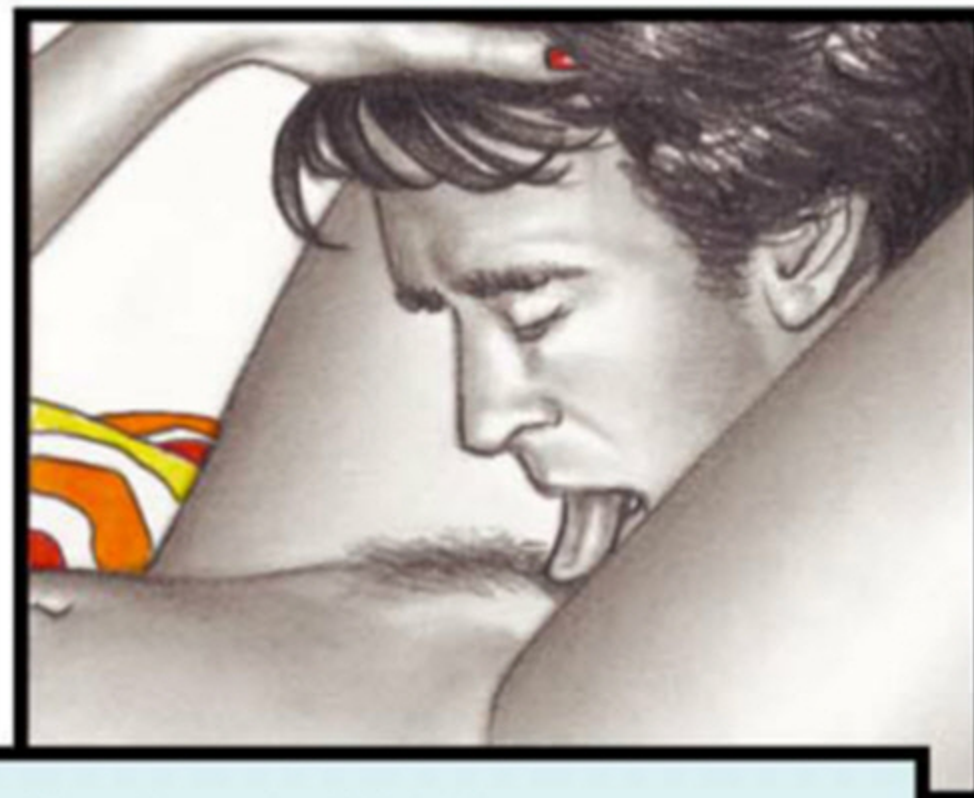


I slowly started rubbing in the lotion. Suddenly, she grabbed my hands and brought them to her huge tits.



You missed these, Rhys.





She turned over and pulled my head down. I sucked each nipple before pulling down her bikini bottom.



Is there anything else you'd like me to do while I'm here?

Yes—just one more thing, Rhys.



I hooked her legs over my shoulders and gave her what she wanted, hard and fast!



Finally! Aahhh!



If she told me to get back to washing the windows, I was going to quit.



AAAAHHH



I think you've done enough windows today. You can come back tomorrow and we'll work on the second floor.



The bedrooms are on the second floor. Sweet!





Spring cleaning

It's that most wonderful time of the year: the start of bikini season. Outspoken 18-year-old Georgia Jones knows that means it's time to clean, buff, and polish every inch of her prime real estate.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Hicks Photo



"I love my job to death.
There isn't one single
part of nude modeling
or topless dancing
that I don't love."



Georgia



A full-page photograph of a woman from behind, standing in a shower stall. She has long, dark, wavy hair and is wearing a black, short-sleeved, cropped top and black bottoms with a white waistband. Her hands are raised, touching her hair. The background is a wall of light-colored square tiles. A shower handle is visible on the right side of the frame.

"I love dirty music
about fucking. I only
listen to music that
gets me in the mood
because that's when
I feel my best."





"I'm always on vacation
inside my head.
Every day is another
day basking in
another dream."



"The one thing I'm
always up for is a late-night
trip to the porn shop."

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Sad Sack

You won't know for sure until you're there, but here are six warning signs she might be a drag in bed.

By Victoria Zdok, Ph.D.

OBSESSIVE SQUEAMISHNESS

If she's one of those obsessive-compulsive types who makes a bib for herself out of restaurant napkins, pulls out antibacterial gel after each handshake, or runs to floss her teeth after every meal, chances are slim that she will get down and dirty in bed. How can a girl who worries about you staining her silk sheets—or who knows the exact number of germs exchanged during a kiss (a couple million, to be exact)—give a good blowjob? Good sex is messy, and anyone too squeamish to get sweaty, smudged, and stained will almost always suck in the sack.

RIGID CONSERVATISM

If she wears her hair in a bun, believes liberal attitudes are ruining this country and porn is evil, and does volunteer work for the American Family Association, you'd probably have to marry her to get in her pants—and then the best you could expect is that she would lie there in the missionary position and let you do your special duty once or twice a month.

But looks can be deceiving, as the great director Alfred Hitchcock knew well. "An English girl looking like a schoolteacher," Hitch said, "is apt to get into a cab with you and, to your surprise, she'll probably pull a man's pants open."

Thanks, Alfred. So here's a better test than appearance to weed out any ice queens: Leave a copy of *Penthouse* out on your coffee table and watch her reaction. If she expresses shock, dismay, or distaste, show her the door.

RELIGIOUS DOGMATISM

Her middle name is Chastity, and she is serious about interpreting the Good Book literally. Chances are, she has never masturbated and only believes in the procreative purpose of sex. Due to her conviction that premarital sex is sinful, you will probably never get past a dry-hump—and it'll be the worst one of those you've ever had. Even



if she does let you proceed further, her shame and guilt afterward will make you regret every second of your sexcapade. So unless you are seeking spiritual enlightenment through shagging sexual martyrs, drop this one at her first quote from the Bible.

LETHARGIC PASSIVITY

She lets you plan every date—and asks you to order for her at restaurants. When you ask what turns her on, she responds with a spacey “whatever.” She is constantly dazed and confused, and she would rather watch TV or get high than expend any kinetic energy—and that includes making love. Whether her lackadaisical attitude is pharmaceutically induced (downers or excessive pot-smoking) or stems from dispositional laziness, you’ll soon get sick of initiating sex and orchestrating every encounter—unless having sex with blow-up dolls is your thing.

EXCESSIVE TIMIDITY

She blushes for any reason, and her nails are chewed to the quick. When you take her out to eat, she barely picks at her food out of fear that something will get stuck in her teeth. She fidgets anxiously when sex comes up in conversation, and clams up when it comes to discussing her past (non)experience in bed. Even if she does agree to do the nasty, she’ll expect you to turn off all the lights. And the icing on this mood-killer of a cake will be her nervous giggle when you try to open her tightly closed thighs. The best you can hope for is that she has a slutty sister.

NARCISSISTIC SELF-ABSORPTION

Her vanity has no boundaries if she checks and rechecks her makeup in the rearview mirror. Everywhere you take her, she has to make the grand entrance, showcasing the latest Manolo Blahnik shoes. Your role is to continually validate and glorify her—so don’t expect any hot action from this cool cat. She may pretend to enjoy herself if you go down on her, but Her Highness won’t deign to reciprocate—unless there’s a full-length mirror nearby. During sex, she’ll be busy making sure her hairdo remains perfect and her fake lashes stay put—oh, and while you’re screwing her from behind, she’ll be checking out her manicure. Too much self-love makes for a lousy lover.



Ask Dr. Z

Broken Bargain

I recently got married to a girl I dated for a couple of years. We get along great—except I like to have intercourse several times a day, and she says it’s too much. What annoys me is that she accommodated my sexual needs much more before I married her. Since the wedding, she seems to find a lot more excuses to turn me down. How can I get it through to her that this wasn’t what I bargained for?

Your annoyance is understandable, and fairly common. Women are often overly accommodating to men prior to marriage—which can be somewhat deceitful and dishonest. Females often worry that they may lose their man if they don’t put out whenever he wants. But there is more at issue here. Your sexual zeal is extraordinary—few men crave intercourse several times a day with a woman they’ve been with for years. Are you sure your insistence on getting laid that frequently is not the result of sexual compulsion (as opposed to true desire)? Do you care enough for her to be willing to accommodate *her* needs? And what’s wrong with occasional self-love while your partner is recharging her batteries? Sex is great, but there *is* such a thing as too much. Maybe you need to hit the gym to burn off some of that pent-up energy, or check out some porn. If all else fails, get some



testosterone tests to learn if there are physiological reasons for your unusual sexual needs, and seek some counseling to see if there are ways for you and your wife to adjust your respective desires and find a happy medium.

Dizzy Dame?

I've got a question for the queen of sex. A particular young lady I know gets really worked up when she climaxes. Her whole body shudders, she screams, and sometimes she passes out. It scares the hell out of me because she goes nuts and then collapses suddenly. I thought I had killed her the first time it happened. I am quite large, so maybe that has something to do with it. Is this just a rush-of-blood-to-the-head sort of thing? Or a lack of oxygen?

TOO SQUEAMISH TO GET SWEATY? SHE ISN'T GOOD IN BED.

"Or my superior skills as a lover?"
As much as you would like for me to stroke your ego by telling you it's your oversize penis that sends your lover into orgasmic oblivion, it's not. Orgasm-related fainting is actually somewhat common. In fact,

that's why the French call orgasm *la petite morte*, which means "the little death." One explanation for your lady's brief loss of consciousness is that the quickening of breath that accompanies her orgasm may lead to hyperventilation, which changes the level of carbon dioxide in the blood and can cause lightheadedness. (Ever feel your knees get weak when you're at the height of passion?) Others suggest that as blood flows to the genitals (and away from the head), the brain doesn't get its fair share of oxygen. However, frequent fainting can signal a serious health problem, so it's a good idea for her to consult a physician—especially if she has dizzy spells when you are not porking her with your big cock.

Down South

My penis has an extreme downward curve. The only comfortable sexual positions for me are doggie-style and reverse cowgirl. This was fine in the beginning of our relationship, but now I need some variety—for once, I would like to face a woman while making love to her! Since there are no instructional books or videos that address this problem, is there a surgery or an exercise I can do that will eventually force my penis to bend the other way?

Many men have a slight congenital curve in their penis—and if it bends up or down, this can actually be a blessing in disguise! In fact, a bent penis does a much better job of stimulating the G spot and other sensitive areas inside a woman's vagina than a straight penis. The best intercourse I've had was with a man whose penis bent downward. I would literally scream in ecstasy when he bent me over and did me from behind! A great position to combat your problem is missionary, with you holding her legs up by your ears. This enables deep thrusting, which provides the best G-spot stimulation. The only time a curve presents a problem is when the bend is really extreme (usually greater than 30 degrees), has a lump, or is accompanied by pain or tenderness—all of which can be signs of Peyronie's disease, the formation of a scar-tissue "plaque" following trauma. You may want to see a urologist to check things out. In the meantime, don't stress about the shape of your manhood, and enjoy experimenting till you both find the position that sends you skyward. **OT**

Carnal Knowledge 101

Take out your No. 2 pencils—class is now in session.

I first learned about sex from my ninth-grade health teacher during a requisite two-week session on the birds, the bees, and the STDs. Every day I squirmed through lessons on engorged body parts, squirting sex organs, and so many types of frothy discharge that by the end of week two, I was sure that I would never want to go all the way.

As any regular reader of this column knows, I've gotten over my repulsion. And as much as that class scared the bejesus out of me, I think educating yourself about sex is vital if you want to become an intelligent, superior lover. Today there are workshops and DVDs that offer non-clinical sex advice—from "How to Strip for your Lover" at the Learning Annex (LearningAnnex.com) to "Introduction to Anal Play" at Erotic University (EroticUniversity.com). BetterSex.com even offers educational videos.

Still, tons of important topics are missing in the curriculum of continuing sex education, and as your dutiful *Penthouse* columnist, I'm here to tell you about the classes that *should* be offered. Are you listening, Learning Annex? Snap to it!



Topography of the Vagina

The first lesson will take pussy pioneers above the pee hole and beneath the hood to the clitoris. Students will learn of would-be explorers who were banished from the clitoris after aggressively poking it like an elevator button. (The successful Lewis and Clarks know that a firm wet stroking—along with an inquiry as to what its landlady likes—is the ticket.) The second session will cover the G spot, that spongy area on the interior of the vagina, and how the index-finger "come-to-papa" stroking technique



floods the area with pleasure. Required reading: *The Naked Woman: A Study of the Female Body*, by Desmond Morris (St. Martin's Press)



Booty-Call Basics

Students will learn why texting "Wanna come over 2 fuck?" decreases their chances of obtaining ass by 74 percent. Alternate approaches and delivery techniques will be discussed in order to turn amateurs into booty-calling lotharios. Emphasis will be placed on the Subtle Approach ("What are you up to? I'm bored.") and the Diversion ("I'm baking brownies but I don't know which one is the tablespoon. Will you come over to help me?"). Required reading: your little black book



Art of the Graceful Exit

Whether it's the morning after a one-night stand or a new relationship, you'll learn when to get the hell out of someone's house by picking up hints. Did she say, "I have a big day ahead of me?" Is she meeting a friend for breakfast? Then go on now, git! The *only* time you should hang around is if she says, "Wanna hang around?" And don't ask for an invitation—that will just embarrass you and your host. Course prerequisite: Booty-Call Basics



Linguistics of Lust: Talking Dirty

Learn the language of lust in just five easy steps! (1) Open your mouth. (2) Let sounds out—groans and grunts are fine. (3) Say something sexy that couldn't be mistaken for porn dialogue. No self-respecting come-guzzling slut wants to hear you say, "Guzzle my come, you slut." (4) Listen to and try to emulate her, though not verbatim, or she'll be confused when you tell her how much you love having her cock inside you. (5) Compliment her body or technique. Use adjectives like *tight*, *wet*, or *amazing*. An oral exam will be given

at the end of the course. Recommended post-studies: Cunnilinguistics 101



What to Do After You Accidentally Fart During Sex 101

Shit happens. And so do farts. Even during sex! Learn what *not* to do in case of a butt-air discharge. Namely, blaming it on her. The best way to handle a toot is to make a joke (try "Wow, your dog has a weird bark"). A little humor will cut the awkwardness of you cutting the cheese. Class dismissed. O+

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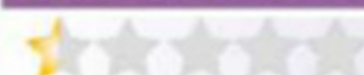
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This take on the sausage-in-the-box caper is an XL disappointment. Yummy girls, all VERY surprised to find the weenie in the pie, but still not worth the price of a Hot Pocket.

REALITY WIFE



The wife in question is Kari, a gorgeous, vivacious blonde who fucks, sucks and squirts with élan, giving a whole new meaning to Leave it to Beaver... In 75 all original videos, Kari and her husband Chris keep it interesting with creative storylines and cute outfits. Great quality stills and a new video monthly seal the deal. Says Rodney: "Honey - we're home!"



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X-RATED VIDEO

By Eric Danville

PENTHOUSE PICK

Splashed
(Powersville) **A++**

The splosh craze is a perfect example of how goofy sex can be. Basically, you take a woman, smear her in food—chocolate sauce, honey, ketchup... whatever your taste, so to speak—and watch her get all gooey and sloppy. (Think back to the scene in the movie *Tommy* where Ann-Margret gets covered in baked beans and you'll understand the appeal.) Katja Kassin starts things off by dousing herself in honey and raw eggs while a lame Brian Eno-style soundtrack plays—and believe it or not, the gestalt works beautifully. For the most part, the fetish is played pretty straight. There's no fucking until the scene moves to the kitchen, where Lee Stone smears Katja's tits with ice cream and turns her into a human banana split. Then he gets a foot-job and she deep-throats his whipped-cream-covered cock before they have messy, sticky sex. Similar scenarios play out with Ariana Jolie (covered with ravioli), Missy Monroe (drenched in applesauce), and other gals who are smeared in canned spaghetti and peanut butter. It's goofy and sexy and actually kind of hot, if you play along. Kudos to Powersville for taking this kink seriously enough to have a little fun.

CALLING ALL BOOTY

Black Bottom Girls
(Vouyer Media) **A++**

Director Jack Napier's latest gonzo project features him and some friends banging a lineup of fine-looking black chicks. The surprise here is bubble-bootied Aurora Jolie, who claims to be a "vaginal virgin"—meaning she's sucked dick and done anal, but refrains from any snatch penetration. Astonishingly enough, she stays true to her word. Napier and a friend bang her but leave her pussy untouched before finally coming all over her big beautiful tits. College cheerleader Mahlia Milian gets a lesson in taking it up the ass. Then luscious Jazmine Cashmere and Sydnee Capri lick some labes before Napier naturally joins in on the action. The sex in *Black Bottom*

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Hold on tight
Pick it up
Worth a look
Hands off

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messy
fun
Sex!

Starring:

Katja Kassin
Missy Monroe
Ariana Jolie
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Girls is gloriously nasty and downright dirty, but the interview segments slow down the momentum. Keep the fast-forward button cocked and ready.

IRELAND FOREVER!

Kylie Ireland's Sexfest
(Fifth Element) **A++**

Fiery redhead Kylie Ireland seldom gives less than her all, and this compilation proves it. Studly Manuel Ferrara gives Kylie a loud oral orgasm, then provokes an even louder one by finger-fucking her until he takes over where a huge pink butt plug leaves off and bangs her silly. The pair make just the kind of heat you'd expect from people this sexually adventurous, physically aggressive, and just plain enthusiastic. Kylie's lesbian throw-down with Venus and Katrina Kraven is as rough-and-tumble as they come. The ladies have their way with Kylie on a skanky mattress till she turns the tables and gets some payback. You may, however, want to hightail it to the gang-bang scene from *The Whore Next Door*. Kylie takes on a roomful of guys and gets more of a stuffing than you'd think possible during a double anal that gives the viewer maximum gape and much reason to spill some seed. All of these scenes are winners, and a few are absolute keepers. **A++**

A++



PICTURE-PERFECT

While out celebrating my husband's birthday with my best friend Jamie, I gave him his gift. Jason ripped it open and was delighted to see a camcorder. He became even more excited when I told him he could record me masturbating once we got home.

Jason loves watching me, and I love masturbating in front of him. A few months ago, when he asked me how I felt about bringing a camera into the bedroom, I admitted that I loved the idea. Then I just took things a step further and bought the camcorder for his birthday. In my devious mind, I knew it was something that we would both enjoy.

At the bar, Jason was eager to get home and put his new toy to use. What he didn't know was that he would be capturing not just me masturbating, but Jamie, too.

When I told Jamie about Jason's

gift, she asked if she could join me. I couldn't believe what she was asking, but the chance to lie next to my beautiful friend and masturbate with her was too good to pass up. When I finally revealed to Jason that he would

When he asked about bringing a camera into the bedroom, I admitted that I loved the idea.

have two gorgeous women to capture on tape, he quickly paid our bar tab, grabbed the camcorder, and said he was ready to leave.

Back at our house, Jamie and I went into the bedroom as Jason familiarized himself with the gadget. We

selected dildos from my stash, then stripped and got on the bed. Jamie and I watched each other squeeze our breasts and knead our stiff nipples. We followed that up by inserting our fingers into our pussies and filling the room with our moans. Our cries grew

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louder when we began rubbing our sensitive clits. Soon, we were both in need of deep penetration.

The dildos slipped easily into our wet fuck holes while our fingers teased our love buds. Watching each other was making us both hot. Jason was expertly holding the camcorder with one hand and stroking himself with the other.

When Jamie screamed that she was coming, it brought me to my own thrilling climax. Both dildos were soaked with our juices when we pulled them out. Jamie offered me her dildo and then took mine. Incredibly, she brought it to her mouth and began licking my juices from it. Not to be outdone, I put her dildo into my mouth and began sucking it like a lollipop.

I'd barely had a chance to savor her sweet taste when she flipped onto her knees and pressed the dildo into her pussy from behind. I knelt beside her, busily rubbing my clit again as I watched her thrust the dildo in and out of her juicy snatch. I knew I'd lost my self-control when Jamie begged me to put a finger in her ass and I didn't hesitate. I slowly pressed inside her tight opening.

"Oh, yes, Dawn! Deeper! Deeper!" she yelled. By that time, I was pumping a few fingers inside myself. With Jamie moaning and pushing against my finger, and my other fingers still thrusting inside me, things quickly came to a head.

"Oh God, Dawn! You're making

Lara was the absolute sexiest woman I'd ever seen, and I wanted her more than anything.

me come!" Jamie screamed. At the same moment that I was enjoying the sight of Jamie creaming my hand and her dildo, I felt my own orgasm peak and flood my fingers with come.

We both collapsed on the bed. After a breather, Jamie asked me if she could suck Jason's cock. Jamie's my best friend, so if not her, then who? I took the camcorder from Jason and told him to enjoy himself. He got closer to the bed and stood between Jamie's legs. She started massaging his balls as she ran

her tongue up and down his cock. Then she took it deep in her mouth.

"Suck it, Jamie! Suck my cock!" Jason cried. Within minutes, he filled her mouth with his come.

Jamie smiled at Jason, took the camcorder from me, and handed it back to Jason. She said it was time to find out how I tasted, firsthand. She pulled me down into a sixty-nine, and we both savored each other for the first time. What I'd only had a chance to sample from the dildo, I was now able to fully appreciate. It was the most delicious experience of my life.

Later, we three watched the action and returned to the bedroom to capture even more of what was undoubtedly Jason's best birthday ever.—D.J., Minnesota

THIRD-PARTY PROPOSITION

I was happy to see Lara at the office New Year's party. We met five years ago on the job and I'd secretly lusted after her ever since. Even after meeting her husband Alex, I still couldn't stop staring at her. She was the absolute sexiest woman I'd ever seen, and I wanted her more than anything.

About an hour later, Alex pulled me

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aside and made me an offer I couldn't refuse—a threesome with him and Lara. After Alex assured me that he was serious, he said that Lara had always wanted to have a threesome with two guys. Every time they talked about it, my name was the only one she mentioned. How lucky am I?

Lara smiled from ear to ear when Alex told her I'd accepted their proposition. Since we were all on the same page, we set out for Alex and Lara's place.

In the bedroom, Lara began to undress. After five years of undressing her with my eyes, I could hardly believe I was finally seeing the real deal. Her lush breasts and beautiful shaved pussy looked even better than I had imagined. I couldn't wait to have my cock inside her.

Lara stretched out in the middle of the bed and played with her pussy while Alex and I undressed. Then we formed a Lara sandwich and began sucking on her big nipples while our fingers explored her gorgeous body. Mine found their way inside her juicy love box. I slowly pumped them in and out until she begged me to suck her pussy. I moved between Lara's legs and hungrily ate her out until she cried out in pleasure and flooded my mouth with her sweetness.

Then Lara said, "I need someone's cock inside me now!"

Alex pulled Lara down onto his cock. He spread apart Lara's cheeks, exposing the puckered entrance to her bottom while I stroked the length of my cock and moved behind her.

"Oh, Max!" she cried as the head of my cock slowly disappeared into her

beautiful butt. "That's it. Put your cock all the way inside my ass."

With Alex deep inside Lara's cunt and me fully entrenched in her rear, we began to slowly double-fuck Lara. She went absolutely crazy.

Kit and I got along so well that I broke my own rule and got personally involved with her.

The room filled with her pleas of, "Fuck me! Fuck my pussy! Fuck my ass!" Lara screamed like a woman possessed while Alex and I thrust our cocks in and out of her fuck holes. "More! Make me come! Make me come!" she screamed.

Alex was the first to surrender as he groaned and shot his load inside Lara's pussy. "Oh, yes! Come inside my pussy, baby," she cried out. "Now you, Max! Come inside my ass!"



I lunged hard and deep into Lara's ass. With a final thrust, I let out a mighty groan and began spurting hot come.

"Oh, yes! I can feel it, Max! I can feel your hot come inside my ass!" Lara screamed.

One session of double-fucking wasn't enough for Lara. After showering, we three got back in bed, this time with me inside Lara's juicy pussy and Alex burying his cock in her tight ass.

Alex shared his gorgeous wife with me until the next morning. That night is going to be very hard to top.—M.T., California

BACK ON THE CASE

I've been a private investigator for about three years and I'm good at my job, but I was unsure how to word a report to one of my clients. I was hired to tail his wife and find out if she was cheating on him. No big deal. I followed Kit to a pub and it turned out that we knew each other. Kit and I got along so well that I broke my own rule and got personally involved with her. And somehow I didn't think it would be a good idea to tell my client that his wife had been faithful until she and I had sex a couple of days ago.

Now, I'd agreed to meet Kit at her house to discuss strategy while her





husband was at work. When I arrived, Kit insisted on showing me the entire house—including the master bedroom.

I stood perfectly still as she began undressing me. Her fingers were driving me crazy. By the time I was down to my bikini panties, I was on fire. Her fingers moved up and down my body. The heat passing between us was unbelievable.

She led me to the bed and gently pushed me down, then moved to the foot of the bed. She began to undress, never letting her eyes leave mine. I was beside myself. My pussy was aching, and my nipples were as hard as rocks.

She reached over to the nightstand and produced a large pink strap-on. As she fondled it, she said, "Simone, toss those panties over to me." I lifted my ass, pulled them off, and flipped them in her direction. She caught them and held them to her face. I was mesmerized as she inhaled my scent.

My pussy was dripping from the anticipation of having that faux cock inside me. I didn't have to wait long.

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"Are you ready, Simone?" she asked. "Turn over, baby. I'm going to fuck your brains out!"

I was on my knees in an instant. I shook as one hand grabbed my ass while the other guided the dildo into my waiting cunt. I felt her soft skin pressing against my ass as the strap-on slowly filled my pussy. Then she grabbed my hips and pushed hard. "Oh, yes ... yes, Kit! Fuck me, please!" I screamed. She pulled back, held still for a second, then rammed back into me, deeper. We quickly got a rhythm going. The harder she pushed into me, the harder I pushed back to meet her.

"Come for me, Simone. Come hard. Tell me how good it feels!" she hissed through clenched teeth. I was so excited, I could hardly form the words to answer her, but I managed.

"Yes, Kit! That's it, baby ... fuck me! Make me come all over you!" I cried.

She had a firm grip on my hips as she pounded harder and harder into me. At the same time, my fingers were stroking my engorged clit. My head went fuzzy, and my body began to tingle. "I'm close, Kit, I'm so close. Yes, now!" I screamed. I began to tremble as my orgasm took over my body. I pushed back one last time, and she pulled me as hard as she could.

I pushed her away and turned over. She pressed her lips to mine, devouring my lips and tongue as we

pressed our sweaty bodies together.

I wanted to relieve her of the strap-on and put it on me instead, but there just wasn't enough time. We still had to come up with a plan and I had to get back to the office.

"My husband has been asking questions," Kit said. "Even hinting that

Her fingers were driving me crazy. By the time I was down to my panties, I was on fire.

I've been spending a lot of time with a girlfriend who's married to his business partner."

"Well, we're friends," I responded. "And I'm a girl, so he's not too far off base. Let's just leave it at that." I really liked

Kit, but I got the feeling

that it might be time to wrap up the case before things got too out of control. Or maybe I could just end the investigation and keep seeing Kit. I'll let you know how it all turns out.—S.T., Louisiana

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Jaclyn Smith

TALL, PALE, COOL, WITH AN ELEGANT GRACE AND UNDERSTATED SEXUALITY THAT TRANSFIXED ME.

The sexual fantasies of my youth were all the same: pale, blonde, blue-eyed, soft, voluptuous, lounging naked on pink satin sheets, a chocolate bonbon poised at their painted lips. I grew up in an Italian-American family where all the females were strong-willed, masculine women with jet-black hair and eyes, and dark skin. They were loud, passionate, and bossy in a way that, to me as a young teenager, was very unsexy. No wonder, then, that when my mother pleaded with me to "bring home a nice Italian girl," I saw only those black-haired girls with faint hairs on their upper lip. To my mother's despair, I brought home a succession of pale, bosomy Polish, Czech, and Irish girls. I even married one.

Then one night I saw *Charlie's Angels*, with its three beautiful heroines. Kate Jackson, the sensible, plain girl next door, didn't appeal to me much; but Farrah Fawcett, the ditzy, wild-haired blonde did—at least at first. Like all of America, I sat transfixed, waiting only for the climactic moment—which never came—when her perfect breasts would fall out of whatever low-cut blouse she was wearing. It was tantalizing but unfulfilling.

At first I barely noticed the third angel, Jaclyn Smith. But after a few episodes, I was mesmerized. She was a shock to my certitudes—tall, pale, cool, with a kind of elegant grace and understated sexuality. Jaclyn had jet-black hair and black eyes like my relatives, but without their abrasiveness. An American beauty. I became captivated by her cool sexuality as she moved so gracefully, her emotions always under control. She wasn't mannish like my relatives, or obvious, like those fluffy blondes. Maybe it was just that I had acquired a more refined taste in women—a cool silver Porsche instead of a thumping hot-red Hemi 'Cuda. It was then that I realized that there are other possibilities between the two extremes. Which is probably why, when I married a second time, it was to a tall, slim, pale, elegant Irishwoman with jet-black hair. She was a dead ringer for Jaclyn Smith, except for the vivid blue eyes of my youthful fantasies and the hot passions of my Italian relatives. It was a melding of my sexual fantasies that I've come to appreciate, with no small thanks to Jaclyn Smith. 